"JOHN! JOHN!" SHE CRIED FEEBLY, BUT JOHN WAS GONE. THE NEXT MOMENT SHE HEARD HIS HORSE'S HOOFS GALLOPING DOWN THE CREEK ROAD

To accompany "Her Own Heroine." See page 282

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Money-Mad Farming

By Rex Croasdell

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon, wastrel, supreme egotist and sixty-fool-power idiot, set a very bad example. Belshazzar wasted his substance riotously as did the Prodigal Son a few years later.

Belshazzar's lesson came in a spectacular manner written mysteriously on the plastered wall of the banqueting hall; the Prodigal son got his along with the husks in the pig-pen. The irrefragable law, which shapes the end of wasters is no respecter of persons or places; banquetting hall or pig-pen, swineherd or king, it's all the same; The lesson is forced home ultimately in any place and to any man. There are no special dispensations. The law demands its pound of flesh alike from kings, legatees and witless wheat farmers.

There's a host of straw-men scattered over the plains and park-lands of Western Canada, who will not believe this doctrine. They try to dodge the issue by hiding behind a flimsy barricade of piffling excuses and ill-reasoned arguments. They say that climate, labor, and financial conditions combine

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to force them into plundering the soil of its fertility and squandering its substance by wasteful tillage. They wail of hardships; of toil from the clear dawn to a sweat-soured night; they bemoan the ravages of hail and frost; and the piracy of mortgage corporations, railroads and elevator companies. These men gamble on the weather; create difficult labor conditions; expect unwarranted extensions of credit; demand exceptional transportation facilities; and claim the right to rob the soil to boot. "Conservation of the soil's fertility be hanged," they say. "We can't do it under existing conditions." And yet they create the conditions.

Nobody can deny that the world's best milling wheat grows to perfection in Western Canada. But are we to produce nothing but wheat?

THERE isn't a whole thread in the shoddy fabric of the cloak under which the all-wheat-all-the-time mud muddler is masking his malingering. Nobody can deny that the world's best milling wheat grows well nigh to perfection in Western Canada. Soil, climate, low-priced land and other conditions combine to facilitate a tremendous production of wheat. Let it go at that. But are we to produce wheat to the exclusion of everything else? Are we to make large overdrafts on the soil's fertility without re-depositing the elements of productiveness? Are we to squander our substance in riotous wheat raising? Is a dollar in the wheat pile worth five on the hoof? It has been proven beyond the remotest chance of contention, that wheat is very prodigal of the soil's fertility. It is a well established fact that a proper rotation of crops should be practised if the soil's productiveness is to be maintained. The basic principles of profitable agriculture have been fixed for centuries and almost everybody knows them. The trouble with the all-wheat farmer is that he's too busy squandering his principal to be bothered with principles.

This isn't a preachment against wheat growing. No sane individual would dare to say that wheat must not be grown in Western Canada. But it must be *grown*—not dragged up by the ears. Nature's laws are irrefragable. We cannot continue to go it blind—raising wheat crop after wheat crop year after year—without regard for conditions of seed, soil and sky. The soil will give freely of its fertility for a number of years and then it'll give up. Poor seed will continue more or less indefinitely to germinate and produce a degenerate progeny. And the weather conditions,—well, the best insurance against 'em is to have another crop on four legs to fall back on in case of need.

Demonstration farms and government experimental stations, in the park-lands and on the plains, have practised the proper rotation of crops. They have proven that the natural conditions of soil and climate make it possible, and highly profitable to rotate crops. The average annual revenue—actual net profits—of lands so farmed are higher than corresponding areas used solely for the production of wheat. In addition to the extra profit is the tremendous advantage of a general toning up of the tilth and a sure-

enough maintenance of fertility. So much for the piffling excuse that "it doesn't pay to rotate crops in Western Canada." It is sheer indifference, spawn of greed and ignorance, that keeps the wheat-crazy man in the all-wheat wallow.

Somebody has said that the charge of indifference against the straw-man farmer isn't a fair one. Perhaps it isn't, but listen. There was a convention of agricultural societies in Regina last fall. Let's take it for granted that the delegates were fairly representative of their class. The least indifferent of the crowd saw the show through to a finish. The chairman put three resolutions to a vote in the last session. The first was a measure well calculated to check the spread of noxious weeds. The meeting displayed great diffidence about the matter and voted against the resolution. The second resolution was a solicitation of help from the government for the extension of the "better farming" movement—more diffidence and a shattering of the resolution. The third resolution was to the effect that the delegates had all had a whale of a time. It was passed uproariously and unanimously! It looks as if we'll have to let that charge of indifference stay put.

As to ignorance, the stark-naked facts speak for themselves. This year many thousands of bushels of grain—fit only for feed—have been *sown on stubble*. The grain when cut last year was left in the stook, at the mercy of the monkey tricks of early snows and cold rains, instead of being properly protected in stacks while waiting for the thresher. Imagine it, sterile seed drilled into stubble! If it isn't ignorance, then what the doodle is it?

If these fellows *must* raise wheat most of the time then why don't they *raise* it? Let them practice proper seed selection; prepare the seed bed intelligently; harvest their crop with some slight degree of common sense; and then *husband* their harvest and market it profitably. The gospel of *intelligent* wheat farming has been preached throughout the land. There isn't the slightest excuse for their ignorance. And, by the same token, when they begin to practice the primaries right they'll soon fall into line and become real farmers instead of muddle-headed straw-men grovelling before a dough-faced idol.

Plenty of men groan about the initial cost of mixed farming, the lack of markets, the cost of transportation. Listen to this practical farmer.

STICK these men in the kindergarten class for an elementary course in agricultural arithmetic. Teach them the trick of multiplying money by the milky way. Give them a foresight of fortunes in butter-fat and may be they'll help themselves. Don't let them get away with a wail about initial costs: ultimate profits are much nicer to talk to the wife about. As to the merits of initial costs and ultimate profits, read this letter from a practical farmer in Alberta to the editor of CANADA MONTHLY. Says he:—

"It has occurred to me that you will be interested in knowing something about the profits that are made here by the farmers who have enterprise and energy enough to go in for dairying. I have letters from a number of farmers,

practically all of whom say that they have made good money in milking cows. One farmer's record here, that of Mr. Sharman, shows what is possible. From one year's milking of ten cows, he netted $1,894.00. With the price received for the calves his ten cows made him a profit of $2,894.00. He milks about thirty cows. He has only a quarter-section of land, which is not any more favorably situated than a hundred other farms near towns throughout Alberta. Mr. Sharman received exceptional prices for his milk and cream, it is true, but prices received by every farmer between Calgary and Edmonton during the last year or two have been as high as (if not higher than) that received in any other place in America.

"A further advantage of this method of farming is illustrated in Mr. Sharman's case. He is able to employ help the year round, and more than that, he pays his men what many farmers would consider an exorbitant wage, i.e., $40.00. to $50.00 per month and board the year round.

"I will not give you the illustrations I have of the money made with cattle and hogs, but would like to mention just one instance to show what is possible to the man who will work with stock. A farmer here purchased fifty ewes at $6.00 each, for which he gave his note for one year with 8 per cent. interest. Before his note was due he netted 88c. per head from the wool of each ewe; he raised fifty-four lambs, and sold the whole bunch—ewes and lambs—at $6.00 per head. He required only a very rough and cheap shed for shelter, and took care of his sheep along with his other farm work needing no extra help, fed them only straw and hay not properly cured and unsalable."

The man who cries "More wheat" and can't buy a kitchen sink for his wife or notice that she looks three years older every threshing season

THEN why does not the Western farmer turn from the folly of his ways? It is because a blind greed is boldly leading him into the ditch. He can make money easy raising wheat any old way year in and year out. He has a fever. "More wheat! More wheat!" the cry goes out. And "more wheat" with him means increased acreage; he doesn't stop to consider how he might increase the production from his present acreage. He starts with a homestead and a pre-emption, three hundred and twenty acres. He lords it over his half section while his wife slaves in the four roomed shack where he sleeps o' nights. His earnings go into extensions rather than improvements; a reserve fund would be foolish when land is so cheap and he wants more wheat. In a little while, by dint of niggardly denials in the home life and a great stretching of his resources, he owns a whole section. He buys his butter, bacon and eggs and a roast for Sundays once in a very long while. He calls himself a lord of creation and his wife—if she be an amenable drudge—looks three years older every threshing season and keeps on hauling water in the same old primitive way. *Her* portion of the earnings do not go into home improvements. What's the use of new-fangled water systems, kitchen sinks and bath-tubs when there's a fever-breeding slough so handy and the

AS FOR THE WEATHER CONDITIONS, THE BEST INSURANCE AGAINST 'EM IS TO HAVE ANOTHER CROP ON FOUR LEGS TO FALL BACK ON IN CASE OF NEED

man wants more land every blessed minute?

Remember, every cent this man has, and all that he can borrow, is staked on his next wheat crop. He hasn't done a real thing to increase the value of his land or his home. He *has* worn the soil considerably and his home shows wear and tear. What will happen if the weather wins the bet? Where will he stand if, hailed out or frozen under, his capital is wiped out in one season? How will he meet his payments on his land? And, if forced to realize, what does he get out of the shuffle? What always does happen to the man who puts all his eggs in the one basket and then loses the basket?

The all-wheat farmer is rich on paper and promises but the sure man is the mixed farmer with ready assets

PERHAPS you don't believe that the average all-wheat wallower could be wiped out in a single season. It's a case of simple arithmetic. Take four from four and naught remains. That's bad enough. But in most cases it means taking six or seven from four, leaving a minus. Ask any bank manager about the financial standing of the all-wheat men as a class. They're very rich on paper and promises but it's hard cash that counts when the pinch comes. Here are a few words spoken after careful deliberation by a man whose business it is to *know* where the money is in Western Canada. Says he:—"The bonanza grain districts are *getting more in debt from year to year.* A great many of the farmers deceive themselves as to their exact financial standing. They show increased property statements each year, but the increase is in the increased value put on the land and not from wealth actually produced and saved. The grain-raiser only works a few months in the year and spends money the balance of the time. No business can be a success on this basis."

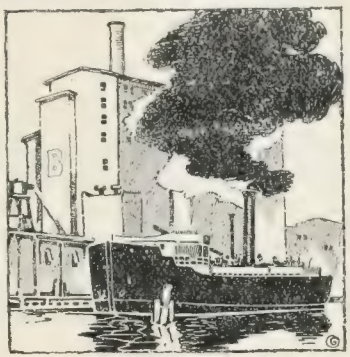
What the wise farmer thinks is expressed in another letter that came to the editor from a man in Saskatchewan, who said "I have been in the Touchwood district of the Last Mountain Valley for twenty-five years and I have been almost entirely engaged in raising live stock. Brome and other tame grasses do well. This part has proved it is exactly adapted for mixed or dairy farming. Further, I have noticed in every part of this country that the man who goes in for mixed farming is the *sure* man, as it is very handy to have a few head of cattle to turn off in the fall, and butter and cheese find splendid market, as numbers of the large farmers that go entirely in for grain do not even keep a cow."

"Sure" is the word he uses, you note. The four-legged crop has none of the uncertainty of a grain yield.

Push your investigations a little further, and you'll find that the all-wheat men are invariably borrowers. And remember, this borrowed capital all has to be paid back even if the crop has gone all to hail. The bank records are pretty good indexes of the country's prosperity. The bank records show that in the mixed farming districts the deposits show good increases and the lines of credit are decreasing. In the all-grain districts the reverse is the rule. In the all-grain districts th

credit lines are stretched to danger mark and deposits are bumping around zero. It may be educated ignorance and flippant scribbling to point out these things but somebody has to read the writing on the wall.

Something must be done to change the ruling conditions in Western Canada. All the signs are dead set against a continuation of this all-wheat-all-the-time system of endangering the country's present and plundering its future. The present system makes an unfair demand on banking and railroad facilities. The all-grain man expects the carrying companies to maintain millions of dollars worth of equipment in idleness for many months so that his product may be rushed to market during a few weeks of the year. Why doesn't he build himself an inexpensive but effective granary and be independent of car congestions? No, sir! "Heads I win and tails I collar the kitty," says the straw-man. Look the proposition over from north, south, east or west, it is all the same. The system must be changed.



Mixed farming is no experiment. It started on a sub-division of Eden, and has been practiced with profit by every intelligent farmer since

THE answer to the problem is obvious. The all-grain man must give way to the mixed farmer. Nature is already wreaking her vengeance by reducing the per-acre production. The mixed farmer will put back a goodly part of that which the all-grain man has plundered. The single pair of cloven hoofs which now strut over the all-grain man's acres must "git." The fur-coated, hail-proof, four-legged crop must come. We want the two dollars in the wheat pile but must add the five on the hoof as well. Crops must be rotated properly and the danger of a single crop being blown to blazes avoided. Bank deposits are to hit high-level marks and credit lines yanked in to vanishing point. Mixed farming will do it and mixed farming will come sure's judgment.

Yes, sir, decreasing yields, drifting soils and fore-closed mortgages will shoo the soil-miners off'n the plains and parklands of Western Canada. Profits pillaged from the soil by the easy-money method of one-crop farming never have had any permanence. The general adoption of mixed farming methods is an issue which cannot be dodged. It must come ultimately, then why not now? Why hinder the progress of a splendid young nation's prosperity? It's all poppycock to say it doesn't pay to raise anything but wheat. Beef is the essential complement of bread; raise them together and they'll raise the mortgage.

Take the testimony of men who have tried the combination. Listen f'rinstance to J. R. Hume of Souris. Mr. Hume is a grain man with grey matter instead of straw stuffing under his Stetson. In a letter of his printed on page seventy-seven of Bulletin 13, issued by the Dominion's Department of Agriculture he explains how he, a grain-farmer found lots of profit out of feeding cattle each winter. And then this is what he goes on to say.—"Land that was manured four or five years ago, is still producing ten to fifteen per cent. more grain than land that has been worked under the ordinary grain-farm-

ing methods. I built a cattle barn with all the latest improvements, a hog and poultry house, beside nine miles of fencing, out of horses, cattle, hogs and poultry. Ask me if it pays to raise stock on a grain farm? I say 'sure it does.'" Bully for you Brother Hume, go to it some more.

And there's lots more evidence contributed by brainy grain men in the same publication. They all found beef raising a highly profitable side line to Number One Hard. And they found also that the by-product of beef when spread as a light coat of ten loads to the acre not only boosted up the production of wheat but forced it to maturity from five to ten days earlier. How's that for a profitable entering of the thin end of the mixed farming wedge?

Mixed farming is no experiment. It started on a subdivision of Eden, and has been practised with profit by every *intelligent* farmer since then. Mixed farming means brain as well as brawn; regular work and a solution of the labor question. Mixed farming means independence of hail storms and early frosts; a steady income and a climbing bank-balance. Mixed farming means a bigger, better and more permanent prosperity all round. Its primary blessings—and bootings—belong to the farmer but its influence for good will affect the entire community.

The problem and its solution are before us. The growing of grain to the exclusion of everything else means a short sharp ride hell-mell to agricultural perdition. The general adoption of mixed farming methods will adjust the balance and put the country quick-step on the pike to prosperity. Will Western Canada continue to import its butter, bacon, eggs, cabbages and ten-per-cent. loans and export its fertility? Or will Western Canada declare itself for the independence, wealth and influence which will surely come with a re-adjustment of its agricultural system? Think it over, boys—and give the dough-faced idol a swift kick in the solar plexus.

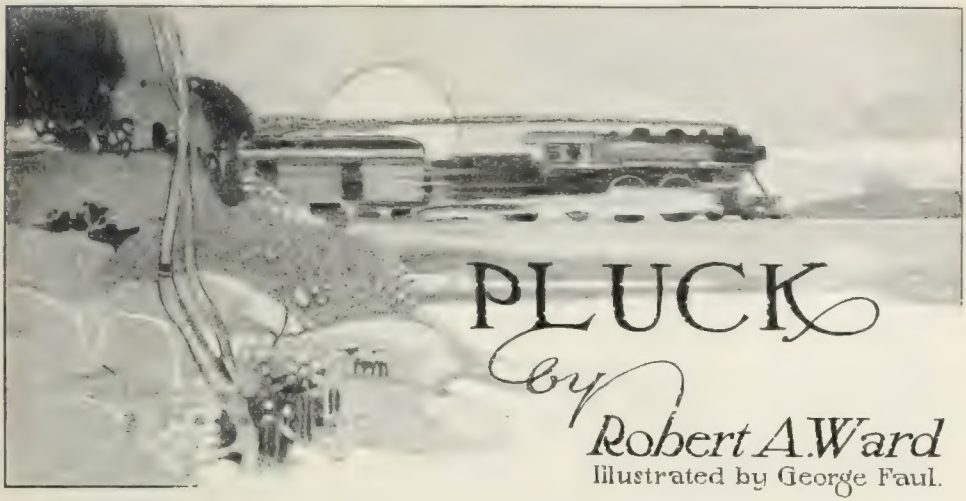
A DELUSION

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

I KNOW he never loved me; that
He scarcely saw at all
The soul that wears my body's garb,
And is both lord and thrall.

Yet through my day there runs a song,
Sweet, sweet, though but a lie.
There is no use in dreaming? Well—
Who then should dream but I?

I know he never loved me, yet
Each day I dream anew;
Might not a parched and thirsty field
Pretend that there was dew?



PLUCK

by Robert A. Ward

Illustrated by George Faul.

PETE ORMES finished checking up his run, mechanically straightened the loose papers on his desk, and sauntered to the window. The Limited had already settled herself to a steady, rolling gait for the open country. In the dusk, Ormes could scarcely distinguish the low, brown hills from the dark line of the river. Now and then, a light from some farmhouse window would flash out suddenly and be gone again, or a night bird would laboriously wing herself upward and be outlined for a moment against the sky.

Gradually it all merged into the darkness, and Ormes turned again to the express car. There was the usual array of parcels, large and small, a kerosene lamp smoked just above the letter rack, and the safe looked non-committal. The messenger pulled out his watch. There was nothing more to be "peddled" till they reached Thurston, at 4:47 a.m. He began to lock up, and unroll his blankets.

At the last stop a coffin cased for shipment had been shoved on board. The rough box stood with its head against the safe, in his own bunk room. Ormes was accustomed to that after his nine years in the service. He had no morbid sentimentality about the quiet passenger whose ticket homeward was a waybill, but there were other things that troubled him, as he shook up his mattress and stretched it along the box. Then he lowered the light and turned in.

Ormes resolutely closed his eyes, but sleep was out of the question. For an hour or so he lay with every muscle tense in the determination to rest. Then he threw off the covers and stood suddenly erect. He took the lamp from its bracket, and turned up the wick. Then he reached for his vest, and drew from its pocket a crumpled yellow sheriff's bill. The big black letters stared at him. He knew every one of them by heart.

"Wanted," it ran, "a man 5 feet 8 inches in height. Smooth face. Dimple in chin. Hair—light curly. Eyes—

gray. Age—about 32. Weight—near 125 pounds. Slight limp in left leg. Crime — forgery ! Reward !" Ormes read it through attentively, as if for the first time. "It's Roy Randall, sure," he muttered. "Poor Louise !" His face twitched, and the letters on the hand-bill swam before him.

In a moment the years had rolled back. They were all children again, he and Roy, and—Louise. They were racing, once more, in the big meadow, and she cried because he had won. "It would have been—Roy," she sobbed, "if his leg hadn't—wabbled !" It was always Roy then; there was always an excuse for his failures, and when the time had come to choose between the two, again it had been—Roy.

Ormes got up, and began pacing the package-flanked aisle to the door. The train was going at high speed, and a sudden lurch sent him reeling against the bunk. The mattress and blankets were dislodged, and slipped behind the rough box to the floor. As Ormes reached after them, his gaze rested on the address of the shipping tag: "Robert Millar," he read; "Thurston." Half-unconsciously he unfolded the black-bordered death certificate: "Name—Agnes Millar. Color—White. Sex—Female." He skimmed through the familiar form to the physician's signature, then he righted the blankets, and threw himself wearily upon them.

Ten minutes later he was sitting upright, vigilant. He narrowed his eyes and took a searching glance along the car. That half-suppressed sneeze was unmistakable. It was not the outcome of revolving wheels, neither did it emanate from the piles of assorted freight. There was a heavy shipment of money in the safe. The messenger reached to his desk for his gun, and fingered it thoughtfully.

No sound was audible but his own deep breathing and the rhythmical throbbing of the train. Suddenly he stood up and took the lamp from its bracket again. He shoved off the mattress, bent over the rough box, and looked curiously at the screw heads. Then he held the light across the box and lowered it, stooping to bring his eyes to the same level. He watched its faint glow creep under the crevices beneath the lid. "Um-humph !" he said, "I thought so !"

The messenger began whistling to himself in a soft tuneless way, as he settled the lamp, and placed his revolver within easy reach. The cold-chisel lay by the edge of the safe. He picked it up, and ran his thumb deliberately along its edge. There was an eighth of an inch space beneath the box and the lid. Ormes inserted the chisel at right angles across one corner of this, and began to pry upwards.

The screws squeaked resistingly in the wood. The board started to give with the pressure. As it did so, there was a sound, something between a curse and a groan, from within. A grim smile drew the messenger's mouth as he heard it. He slipped the chisel along the side, and bent his strength upon it. The lid rose slowly. The flickering gleam of a pair of eyes was just visible in the semi-darkness beneath.

Ormes reached for his gun. He pushed its nose into the slit at the head of the box; with a quick wrench of his right arm, he lifted the cover, and the two men looked into each other's eyes.

Ormes was the first to regain himself. "Roy—" he faltered. "You !"

The other's eyes were dark with questioning. He turned them wearily away, at last. "It's the old game, Pete," he said. "Isn't it? You always held the trumps."

Ormes got up, and laid his revolver on a packing case at the other end of the car. When he came back, a few minutes later, his face was still a little unsteady. Randall had made no effort to move. His eyes were closed, and in the flickering light from the burning kerosene, he looked dead.

Ormes put out his hand and shook him. "Come," he said, "tell me about it. You—haven't much time."

"Then you're going to ——" Randall began.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," the other answered.

"Well, if you don't lend a hand it's

ORMES INSERTED THE COLD CHISEL; THE BOARD GAVE WITH THE PRESSURE

all up with me !" A whimsical little smile played for a moment over the man's face. "You see, Pete," he began again, "you were always my fortress, in the old days. I took the apples, and you—took the flogging. Afterwards— It was pity, I suppose, with both of you—you and—her !"

"Louise ?"

Randall nodded. "There's no use kicking against the pricks," he went on, "and after all, it doesn't matter now ! For myself, I don't care what the outcome is, but for her—for the kid's sake——"

"There's a child ?" Ormes questioned

"Yes," Randall answered. "A boy. —Roy. She wanted it so," he added.

Ormes' face was twitching uncontrollably. He put up his hand between it and the light. "Go on," he said.

Randall had closed his eyes again, and for a moment there was only the song of the revolving wheels.

The messenger leaned forward. "Go on," he repeated. "It's nearly three o'clock !"

The man pulled himself together with an effort; he sat half upright in the box. "What's the use ?" he cried fiercely. "I was born to be the broken reed ! You know it—she knew it. It was failure—failure ! Fate played shuttlecock with me always. Then the kid came, and—God, I couldn't see them starve ! I would have bartered my soul for money, and—I did." He slipped back into the box again, and turned his face to its rough lining.

A hot drop splashed on his cheek, as he lay there, and Randall brushed it slowly away. "Don't, Pete," he said, looking up into his friend's face with a feint at the old boyish smile which Ormes remembered. "Don't ! I'm not worth it !" After a moment he continued. "You see this was her plan. Millar is her cousin. She thought the certificate and the woman's name would take me through. We didn't figure on your run, or we'd have known better."

Silence fell between them. The rocking motion of the train swayed the bent figure beside the box. Presently Randall put out his hand and softly touched it. "You always held up clean hands, Pete," he said. "She was proud of that ! You mustn't smirch them—for me. They'll be on the lookout down the road, and——"

Ormes suddenly lifted his head. His face had gone very white, it looked shrunken and drawn. "Good God, Roy !" he cried. "Stop ! I can't talk. I never could, but——" He impulsively held out both his hands and clasped those of his friend. The two men looked long into each other's eyes.

"You'll see to her till I'm on my feet again ?" Randall whispered.

The messenger bowed his head in answer.

"And the kid ?" the other wistfully continued.

"And the kid," Ormes repeated solemnly.

Randall lay back, and stretched his arms beside him in the box. "Shut me in," he said. "I'm ready."

The messenger lifted the cover and reluctantly placed it in position.

The train was speeding across a long stretch of unbroken prairie. Here and there, clumps of sage brush broke the stretches of short grass.

Four figures, for the last mile, had been cautiously making their way up over the tender to the engine cab, but the man, with his hand on the throttle and his eyes narrowed to the shining rails ahead, did not see them.

Ormes heard the sudden hiss as the air was turned on; the emergency brakes were set, and the engine came to a standstill. He was on the alert in an instant. He sprang to his feet—opened the door—thrust out his head.

Three men were clambering from the cab. One was the fireman, the other— The light gleamed on a pair of steel-rimmed mouths. "A holdup!" Ormes muttered. He felt his car being cut off. The locomotive bounded forward with the mail and the express cars.

The messenger made ready. He had forgotten Randall and the unfastened cover of the rough box. He put up the extra barricade—extinguished the light. By the door he waited.

The engine ran two miles down the track. It seemed interminable. They stopped at last. The fireman, forced at the point of a gun, ordered him to open up. A bullet was his answer. Instantly the air was full of snapping, snarling harbingers of death. The shattered glass from the window fell in a clinking shower. Four to one were heavy odds against him, but

There was a sound at the other door. Ormes turned. As he did so, he was conscious of something—it might have been but a sudden draught of night wind that drew itself above his collar line. He staggered; the rush of the

train was in his ears. An arm was slipped about him. He was sinking back—and back—and back.

Outside, the firing went on. There was no retaliation, and all at once a great stillness pervaded the night. Then, there were voices again. Someone was climbing up the outside of the car to the little window over the door.

Ormes did not hear them, but over by the safe, the rough box stood unlidded, empty. Randall, with his friend's still-smoking revolver in his hand, crouched half hidden in the freight.

A shaggy face was silhouetted above the window ledge. The man peered in, cautiously, at first; then, emboldened by the silence, he threw a lighted match. The limp figure on the floor was convincing. He thrust in his head—protruded his arms—swung them back against the walls of the car, and shoved himself forward till he lay across the sill, wriggling upon his stomach.

Randall took deliberate aim. The little double-action weapon spit a volley of bullets straight ahead. The man loosed his hold. His throat gurgled; the body slipped back, and fell heavily to the ground.

Randall, following up his advantage, could scarcely see in the darkness of the young day. A sudden belch of flame from a revolver showed him the location of the enemy, and he peppered them.

The shots from without grew fewer—they had almost ceased, but Randall held to his post. Then there came a stinging in his breast. Something hot oozed out. It trickled sluggishly. It was hard to breathe. After that he fired at random. He was giddy, but the safe was all right. He had—saved it. And that check—would she know—the wrong—had been—cancelled ?

When Ormes came to, it was yet dark. He lay still trying to gather his benumbed senses, but his thoughts came to him with an effort. He realized that the train was running light. They were reversing rapidly. All at once a flood of consciousness overwhelmed him. He tried to rise. A weight was stretched across his legs. He bent over it, and struck a match.

Randall was still clutching the revolver. His face was upturned—the eyes part open. His lower jaw sagged.

The light flickered, and went out. Ormes gripped the body before him.

"Roy!" he called, then louder, "Roy!' He grasped the man's shirt—tore it open and thrust his hand in against the breast. It was damp and still. He felt for the shoulders and shook him vigorously. "Roy——Roy !" he cried again, then drew away in sudden revulsion. The darkness seemed teeming with faces—faces of the child, Louise—faces of the woman, Louise—and faces of—Roy.

He shoved the form off his legs, and staggered to his feet. He groped his way to the desk, and fumbled above the letter-rack for the lamp. His weakness and the swaying of the car made his movements slow, uncertain.

The engine slackened. There was a concussion, and the jar of recoupling. Voices came from the outside—anxious, frightened voices—shrill, querulous voices. The passengers from the Pullman and the tourist sleeper were aroused.

Ormes heard them but faintly. With his fast ebbing strength, he riveted his thoughts upon one idea. Roy must be protected, for his own sake—for Louise's—for the kid's.

Some one was pounding on the car door. "Say, there !" shouted the fireman. "All right, are you, Pete ?"

"Aye," Ormes answered with an effort. "All right."

The other continued. "We're going to run ahead of time, and make Thurston in an hour," he said.

The voices again grew indistinct. There was a lurch forward. The engine started, wheezed, then slowly trailed the long train up the track.

When they were under headway again, Ormes relighted the lamp. He turned to the body. It lay less than four feet from the box, but to the wounded man it seemed a day's journey, and—there would be but an hour ! The increasing speed of the train forced him to his knees, and he crawled, a little way at a time, on his mission.

The clock on the desk measured five minutes—ten—fifteen. Randall was still limp, when the messenger reached

him. Ormes bent over, and stroked the damp hair back from the forehead. He smoothed the lids over the eyes, and tenderly raised the jaw into position, binding it with his own handkerchief. Tears spattered the upturned face, and Ormes made no effort to check them. "She'll be proud of you, Roy," he whispered.

The clock had counted another ten minutes. A piercing shriek from the whistle of the engine rent the morning air. Ormes started. "We must hurry, Roy !" he said. He grasped the body by the shoulders, and tugged at it helplessly. It did not move. He slipped his hands under the arm pits—threw his own bulk backwards, and dragged the form half way up against him. In his weakness, sweat started from every pore, and he lay panting, exhausted.

How loudly the clock ticked ! He could hear it above the roar of the train. The first grayness of coming dawn crept in at the windows, and he gathered his strength for renewed effort. Half the distance was covered. The light had reached the face. It looked twisted, distorted. Ormes sat up. With infinite pains he readjusted the binding handkerchief and smoothed down the eyelids again.

The clock had meted another quarter of an hour, but Ormes lay spent against the box with his burden in his arms. Suddenly he aroused himself and looked excitedly about the car. "We'll make it, Roy," he said. "You needn't be afraid ! There's time—there's time, plenty of it !" He raised himself and tugged feverishly at the corpse. "There !" he went on. "Why, boy, you aren't heavy to pack !" He steadied the body for a moment against his own. It swayed, lunged heavily forward, and half fell into the box. Ormes straightened out the arms and the legs. There's blood on the floor, Roy," he whispered, "but nobody'll know. They'll think—it was me." He adjusted the cover, and groped blindly for the cold-chisel and the screws.

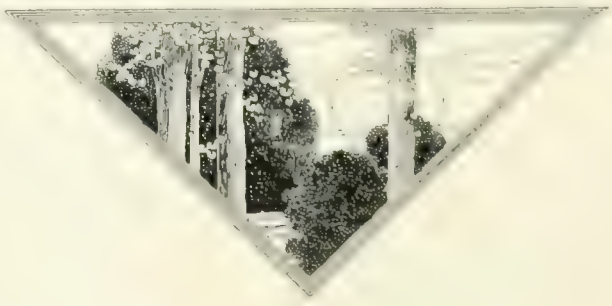
The morning light was dimming the burning kerosene, but the messenger did not see it. "They'll both—be proud of you—" he repeated, "Louise—and the kid !"

When Ormes regained consciousness, the doctor from Thurston, and the train crew, were gathered around him. He sat upright, and looked wildly about in search of something. "Roy !" he cried, and then—he remembered.

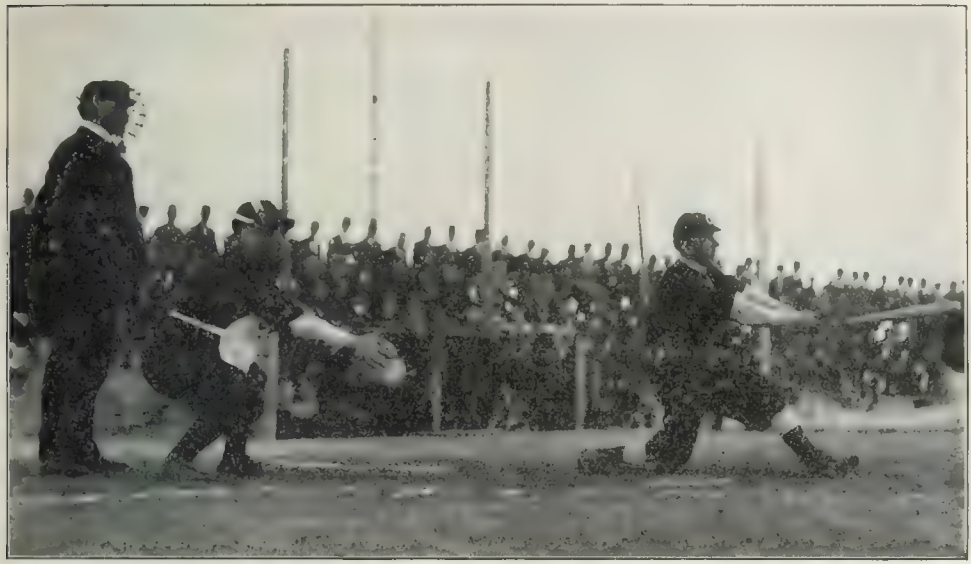
The freight and the station agents were just shoving the coffin box onto the hand truck.

"Pete," said the fireman, bending over him, "you've made a record for yourself." But the messenger shook his head.

The engineer pulled off his cap. "You've got what I call pluck !" he said.



In The "Twilight League"



THE OPENING GAME OF THE 1912 SERIES. JULIE STREIB AT BAT FOR CALGARY, MORROW CATCHING FOR BASSANO AND UMPIRE SULLIVAN ON GUARD

By Currie Love

Illustrated from Photographs

"PEANUTS, cigars and chewing gum! Fresh ham sandwiches and icecream cones! Nice, fresh, roasted peanuts, five cents a bag." The small purveyor of these succulent delicacies came at an uplifted finger and as he pocketed his dime, chortled delightedly, "Gee, that's two dollars I've made to-day. Say, this Twilight League is great for me. All these guys come up here from the office for these 6:15 games, and they ain't had a thing to eat but a sandwich and a piece of pie since breakfast, and they're strong for these ham sandwiches and cones. Hot stuff, ain't it?" And he dashed away to supply the hungry inner man of another enthusiastic fan.

The Western Canada Baseball League is its real name, but the fans call it the "Twilight" because nearly all the games are played after six o'clock at night. That's partly because in Western Canada, they're all too busy making money to take the afternoon off for a ball game, but mostly because the long bright evenings make it possible to see the ball up to nine o'clock at night, or even later.

It isn't a very old league, because Western Canada isn't a very old country. The first ball played there was in what was known as the Northern League, which was international, with Winnipeg and Brandon as the only Canadian teams against Fargo and Duluth as their American opponents.

In 1907, John Lamb, an enthusiastic Winnipeg fan who had been acting as secretary to the Northern League, got together several devotees of the game, who decided that Western Canada could support a league of its own. They thought the cities of Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Edmonton and Lethbridge could afford to be in this league, and it was decided to send Lamb over the course to meet the principal baseball men in each city. He spent three weeks at this task, and finally a meeting was called in Regina at which delegates from every city were present. It was decided to organize under the name of the Western Canada League, playing a team from each of the eight cities represented. J. H. Fleming, of Medicine Hat, was elected president, and John Lamb, secretary-treasurer.

That first season of 1908-09 was the best in the history of the League. All the towns took it up vigorously, and the attendance was splendid. Still there was some internal dissension. Medicine Hat, under the management of "Bill" Hamilton, won the pennant. But Medicine Hat's gate receipts hadn't quite justified the expenditure on the team. Regina had had trouble with the management and the backers were somewhat discouraged. Fleming, the President of the League, resigned, and at the annual meeting held in Lethbridge, C. J. Eckstrom, of Lethbridge, was appointed President.

Saskatoon was given Medicine Hat's franchise, and the league again consisted of eight teams. That year, Calgary, under the management of "Bill" Carney, won the pennant, and that year saw the best games in the history of the league. Carney, who was known as "The Crab," because of his inveterate scrapping, was not particularly popular, but he knew his

FORD OF EDMONTON, ONE OF THE FIVE GOOD PITCHERS IN THE LEAGUE, AND "JOHNNIE" MACKEM, MANAGER OF THE EDMONTON TEAM

game. He was a veteran player, who had been in several of the big American leagues, and who had come to Calgary from Seattle. The National Commission, at the end of the season, raised the league from class D to class C, which gave it a little better position in the minor leagues.

The season of 1910-11 started out with Eckstrom still president, and the same eight teams playing. Near the end of the season, Regina dropped out, all eastern teams and to make it a four-team league, of Alberta cities only.

Lethbridge and Medicine Hat refused to join. Bassano, the ambitious, site of the five million dollar dam being built by the Canadian Pacific Railway to irrigate the eastern section of their Irrigation Block, who advertise their town as "best in the West by a dam site," and who have, perhaps, the sportiest little city in the West, took a

"FERDY" MANNING, ONE OF RED DEER'S BEST MEN IN THE BOX, AND "BILL" HURLEY MANAGER AND FIRST BASEMAN OF THE TEAM

and three weeks before the season closed, Winnipeg and Brandon retired. Moose Jaw, under the management of "Bill" Hurley, won the pennant.

In March, 1912, the annual meeting was held in Calgary. President Eckstrom resigned, and Fred Johnson, of Calgary, was elected president. Mr. Johnson held office only a few weeks, when he resigned on account of his health, and John Dewar, of Edmonton, was elected president. At this annual meeting, it was decided to drop franchise. Red Deer wanted to come in but couldn't quite see its financial way clear. Calgary, Edmonton and Bassano combined to help Red Deer, and to get the team nicely started. The league consisted of Calgary, Edmonton, Bassano and Red Deer. Now, Red Deer is at the top of the league and gives fair indications of being the pennant-winner under the management of that same "Bill" Hurley who led Moose Jaw to victory last season.

For some reason, the "Twilight League" seems to hold its men fairly well. "Larry" Piper, this year with Calgary, and "Chesty" Cox, managing Bassano, were playing with Winnipeg in the opening season. "Pete" Standridge, young, slim and graceful, who is called the "matinee idol" of the league, has been pitching for Calgary for three seasons. "Bill" Carney, who went to the "Three I" league after his successful season with Calgary, applied this year for the management of the Winnipeg team, but was not successful in getting it. "Red" Flannigan has been playing with Calgary for three seasons, and "Ferdy" Manning, now pitching excellent ball for Red Deer, is also in his third season with the league.

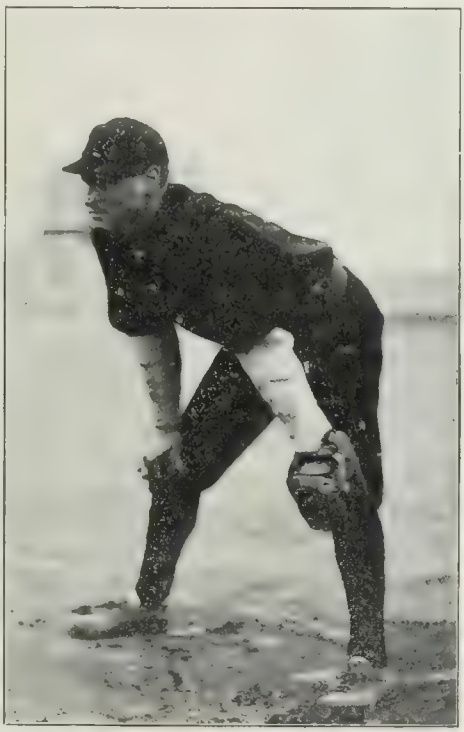
It must be the lure of the West, for the league does not offer any special financial inducements. No team is allowed to exceed $1800 per month in its salary list. The average salary for pitchers is $150 per month and for other players, $125 per month. Moreover, the engagement is comparatively short, as the western Canadian season lasts only four months and the average season for one of the United States leagues lasts six months.

Nevertheless, that western Canada does attract good players is shown by the fact that several of the Twilight leaguers have been bought by big American teams. "Wally" Smith, one of the best third basemen Calgary ever had, was bought by St. Louis; "Del" Paddock is playing for Salt Lake City; "Babe" Clynes, left fielder for Calgary, is now one of the best men on the Seattle team; Collins, one of the Winnipeg pitchers, was considered good enough to be tried out by the White Sox; Wilson, playing with Calgary last season, was sold to Phila-

"PAT" DAVIDSON, CATCHER FOR CALGARY, ON THE JOB WITH THE SECOND-GROWTH ASH

delphia; Fournier, who has become famous in the big leagues as a first baseman, and who is now playing with Chicago, was sold to them by Moose Jaw; Dell, one of Edmonton's pitchers, was sold to the Big League; and Moran, centre field for Calgary last year, is now playing with Seattle.

This year's quality of ball is not quite up to the standard, but there are at least three men in the "Twilight" who give evidences of big league qualities. The most interesting of these is "Kid" Wells, second baseman for Calgary, who played Rugby in Tacoma, and who is putting in his first year in professional baseball. Wells is chain lightning on running bases, and has so much "ginger" that he covers more ground than any other two fielders in the league. He is just a fair hitter, but with another year's experience there is no doubt he will get the "batting eye," and when he does, look out for Wells. They can't stop him. Persons, a Bassano fielder, is another likely candidate for the big league. He is a heavy hitter, an excellent fielder, and never loses his head. Reddick, the Bassano short stop, may also be picked up by one of the big teams. He has a sure, clean throw that never misses, and is distinguished for practically errorless fielding.



REDDICK IS SHORT STOP FOR BASSANO, AND HIS REMARKABLE FIELDING MAY LAND HIM IN THE BIG LEAGUE SOME DAY

There are five good pitchers in the league; Ford, of Edmonton; Manning and Dickenson, of Red Deer; Hayes, of Bassano; and Standridge, of Calgary. These have the best control, are all right-handed, speedy, and use all the curves known to the baseball world. They keep up the league standard.

All the managers are playing, none of them being what is called a "bench" manager. Julie Streib, manager for

JULIE STREIB (IN UNIFORM) AND SAM SAVAGE, MANAGER AND OWNER OF THE CALGARY TEAM, DISCUSSING BASEBALL TACTICS

Calgary, plays first base, and does excellent work; "Chesty" Cox, manager for Bassano, is in right field; "Bill" Hurley, manager for Red Deer, holds down the sack at first base, and "Johnnie" Mackem, manager for Edmonton, stops them at second.

"What is really the matter with the Twilight league? Why doesn't it make more money? Why isn't it in the major class, instead of the minor?" These are a few of the questions asked by the people who want to know something about western ball playing. There are several answers. One is that traveling in the West is expensive, and the long jumps involved when Winnipeg and Brandon were in the league, ate up the gate receipts, even when they were large. Then the teams have been managed by men who were not sufficiently experienced in business methods to run things satisfactorily. But the biggest reason of all is that baseball in Western Canada has not been put on a sufficiently business-like basis. The owners of the teams have been men who were interested in the game merely as a diversion, and not as a means of making money. What baseball in Western Canada really needs is a promoter, who has everything to gain or lose, and who will advertise.

When that far-seeing man appears, he will make a fortune. Nobody is more willing to be amused than the Westerner, and nobody is more willing to pay for good, clean sport of the best kind. It must be clean, as was shown at the opening game of the season in Calgary. The grandstand was full and several ladies were compelled to sit in the bleachers. A Calgary player, becoming annoyed at some play, yelled, "Here, what the h—are you doing there?"

Instantly, hissing was heard all over

PEASLEY, THE LEFT-HANDED PITCHER, IS DOING THE SOUTH-PAW STUNT FOR WINNIPEG THIS SEASON

the bleachers, and one indignant fan arose, and called, "Cut that out. Remember you're a Calgary player now, and act the gentleman even if you're not one." There was no further profanity for the rest of the game. And that is a pretty good criterion of the spirit of the game in the west. Not only must the sport be clean, but the language used must be as clean as the game or the fan will know the reason why. He wants his womenfolks to share his sports, and therefore the sports must be fit for the women to share.

If the four western provinces could combine under a really good promoter, there is no reason why the Western Canada league should not become a genuine force in baseball. The money is here; all that is needed is the man. At present, Winnipeg is playing in what is called the Central International League, the only Canadian city in competition with teams like Grand Forks and Duluth. Vancouver and Victoria play with the North Western League, against Seattle, Spokane, and Tacoma; and the other western Canadian cities, outside of the four Alberta towns playing in the "Twilight," have no baseball at all.

O'NEIL OF BASSANO HAS A SLOW DELIVERY DISCONCERTING TO THE BATTER

PERSONS, THE HEAVY HITTER FOR BASSANO, WHO IS A LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR THE BIG LEAGUE

The Western Canada League is at present under a Board of Control, consisting of the franchise owners, who make the constitution and bylaws, draft the schedule, and transact all business of the league. Sam Savage, of Calgary, and Frank Grey, of Edmonton, are the two men who have done the most to keep the league together, and their efforts are much to be commended, but the man who can do most for baseball in Western Canada, is the man who will make it his business, and not his recreation.

The Guile of McManus O'Shea

THE DRIVER RESTRAINED THE LIVERY NAGS WITH AN OSTENTATIOUS FLOURISH AND A "BE AISY, BOYS, BE AISY"

By Hildric Davenport

Illustrated by Roy Baldridge

SOME years ago McManus O'Shea of Ballyclerahan in the Emerald Isle, hearing the call of the West, turned his mind's eye to Canada. He was a man of impulse and of action. In a fortnight 'twas the back of his hand to the land of his birth. He shook its dust from off his brogans and embarked for far away pastures which he prayed might be green.

Unheralded, save for a brief, labored scrawl, this little, old, stranger relative entered into the bosom of a multifarious O'Shea faction in Toronto. As befitted a pilgriming great uncle he was hailed blithely, and welcomed with true Irish glad-handedness. He found that his relatives had made good, as the custom is with Hibernians who have been uprooted and transplanted early. And, as the heathen Chinee to the laundry, the son of Italy to the fruit stand, they gravitated to politics with success.

McManus made long visits first to one family, then to another. For a year or so all went merrily and invitations hung out with the various latchstrings, but, at the expiration of the second year, the queer little ancestor had covered the family grounds frequently, and made the familiar rounds thoroughly.

He began to be an old story. His tales became overworked and dry-as-dust. His magnificent rich brogue and his other world style began to weary his kinsfolk. His penury tried them—all the more so since it seemed unnecessary, for he received a monthly letter from a law firm in Cork which was known to contain money. Else why, upon its arrival, should he repair forthwith to a bank? That he deposited it all but an annoyingly little bit was indicated by his aggravatingly chronic impecuniosity.

It seemed that a Shamrock had been transplanted too late. The existence of the misplaced antecedent became a visiting vagabondage, and from one house to another, rapidly, after the

woeful way of a poor relation, he began to be handed about. He ceased to be served to tidbits. He was not given the best bed. He was not urged to frivolings—he was left at home to "mind" the children. He was kept in the background.

'Twas a black outlook for McManus. He became as dejected as was possible for a light-hearted son of Erin who was wont to be in good spirits—or to have them in him. He fell into the habit of meditating.

One day the light of determination shone in his faded blue orbs and he beckoned aside his favorite nephew, Brian. A whispered confab took place, the outcome of which was a cry for McManus' spike-tail coat, his rusty tile and his treasured blackthorn; for Brian's most gaudy vest, his flame-colored tie, and ornate lodge jewels.

There was a large excitement in the air. Though intangible, it was perceptible. That something was going to happen was very evident. Even the little O'Sheas became infected by the agitation to the astonishing extent that they voluntarily assisted at the garbing of their elders.

Finally, the two types of the Then and Now, gorgeously, unmistakably Irish, hurried to the parlor and impatiently awaited—the curious household knew not what.

After a seemingly interminable time, Dolan's hack, accompanied by all the gamins in the neighborhood, clattered down the street. With an ostentatious flourish of fictitious difficulty the driver restrained the livery nags, and loudly urged them to "be aisy, bhoys" as they willingly halted in front of the house.

Dignity and McManus were heavy upon Brian as he supported his uncle out and carefully handed him in. He whispered directions to the man on the box and warned him to drive cautiously. He waved a farewell to his mystified wife, turned back the gaping children, and, having satisfied himself that he had sufficiently impressed the immediate neighbors, placed himself on the faded green seat. The dispirited horses started off wearily. Hilarity emanated from inside the coach and pipe fumes rose from its box. In due time it drew up in front of a ramshackle office building. Elaborately assisted, McManus dismounted and followed Brian into the edifice and into a room, upon the door of which a tin sign was tacked. It read "Egan Burke, Lawyer".

As they entered, McManus' sharp eyes observed a large red-faced man, smoke-surrounded, reclining in a swivel chair, his heels upon a table top. An impression of unctuous importance differentiated him from two lesser persons in similar nonchalant attitudes. McManus rightly took him to be Burke.

Effusive greetings were exchanged between Brian and the lawyer. "Me Uncle McManus" was presented with fervor and received with calculating professional cordiality. After many noisy, facetious Irishisms had subsided, the old man announced his mysterious mission.

"Oi'll be makin' me will and ut plaze ye, sor," he began nervously.

"Sure a fine lad yeh are to be settlin' yer affairs so early," from Burke, with a hearty guffaw and a resounding smack on the wizened shoulder of the pallid "lad"; after which he resumed his swivel chair and drew from his desk a legal document. He handed it to McManus, who read tediously in a quavering old voice:—

'TWAS A BLACK OUTLOOK FOR M'MANUS WHEN HE WAS LEFT AT HOME TO MIND THE CHILDREN

"Know all min by these prisints thet Oi –"

"Your own name goes in there," prompted Burke.

"Thet Oi, McManus Moichel O'Shea, bein' in good health av body an' sound an' dishposin' moind an' mimory. ("The holy Saints be praised," came feelingly from Brian.) "An' bein' desoirus av sittlin me worldly affairs—

("Long may ye be spared," vehemently breathed his kinsman).

"Brian, me darlint, 'tis intoirly too much fer yer tinder heart. Misther Burke an' meself 'ull be attindin' to the matter an' yez can shtep out an' come back fer me."

Brian arose, tears in his eyes, and shook his head.

"You'd better go and return later," advised Burke, and the unwilling O'Shea withdrew.

Prompt to the minute, beery and gay, Brian returned from a neighboring saloon. McManus and Burke had completed their business and the bequeather observed that he had a request to make of the two men. Explaining that as he didn't want "to get his name up" or "make talk," he wished the fact that he had made his will to be kept a dead secret; and both obligingly swore that not a word would ever pass their lips.

"Sure Brian must be wantin' to know how he came out," insinuated Burke.

"Oh, it's all the same to me if me dear uncle doesn't want me to know," said Brian with a fine show of disinterest.

" 'Twill do no harm a tall a tall fer the bhoy to know the little thet's comin' to him," smiled McManus. "Ye can tell him, Mr. Burke."

"This kind old gentleman has made yeh his chief beneficiary; he has left yeh ten thousand dollars in cash, and yer wife, Theresa, five thousand. He has left much smaller amounts to the rest of the kin, and the residue to the Holy Catholic Church," declared Burke impressively.

"The Saints rest his soul," burst out Brian piously, and recollecting himself, "May he long have health and strength—and live to enjoy them!"

"There, there!" expostulated McManus, " 'tis little enough fer me own flesh an' blood. An' sure we must be lavin' Misther Burke attind t' his bizness."

Arriving at home, Brian confided the secret to the anxiously waiting Theresa. Great were their rejoicings and loud were their exultations.

McManus was reinstated; the change of heart was beautiful to behold. Brian replaced the faded spike tail and the threadbare tie. Theresa concocted Irish stew and potato cakes. The little O'Sheas were models of respect and politeness. Uncle was referred to as The O'Shea. Himself was in on all the family jollifications. 'Twas a bright outlook for McManus.

But none of this escaped the quick eyes of the O'Shea faction, which, including "in-laws," was extensive. They enquired into it. They found out about the famous drive and its destination. They smelt a rat, and like ferrets on the scent they rooted. They put two and two together and they were shrewd mathematicians; two and two made four. So, by circuitous routes, they arrived at the correct conclusion.

From every quarter invitations were showered upon McManus, but Brian and Theresa refused to surrender him. Amenities failed to persuade them. Ructions followed. The clamoring for him became violent. They fought for his possession until himself took a hand. 'Twas no more than justice, he contended, that he should visit amongst the childher.

The repudiated wanderer became once more a cherished guest. The yellowing Shamrock took on an emerald green. His old tales were resurrected and shone resplendent in their winding sheets. They were received with a laughter that made up in noise what it lacked in spontaneity. His magnificent rich brogue and his other-world style became distinctions. He was in the van, and he was featured, as became The O'Shea.

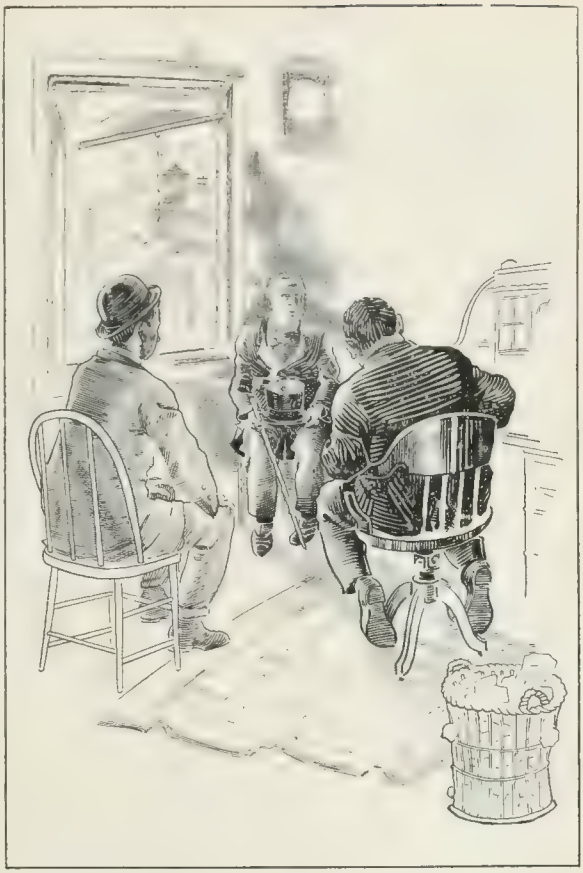
He was reverently listened to when he prattled of his possessions in the old land—his peat bogs in Tipperary, his quarries in Kildare, his cottages in

Sligo, his country home in Ballyclerahan, and his dear friend, Riverend Father Doogan.

His hosts and hostesses, however, were very unhappy. Himself was the instrument who transmuted their former content into discord, until not a vestige of pretense of friendliness remained. Their good-hearted fondness for each other grew into violent dislike for, Celts that they were, they hated as they had loved.

After five years of pleasurably important existence The O'Shea fell ill. He had a severe "stroke." As on the last eventful occasion, he chanced to be with Brian and Theresa. He was ministered to tenderly. Enquiring and too solicitous O'Sheas were received coldly, formally, and despite their vituperative references as to undue influence, and the like, they were not allowed access to the stricken one.

In sickness as in health, the struggle for McManus O'Shea was a caution!



"THERE, THERE," EXPOSTULATED McMANUS, " 'TIS LITTLE ENOUGH FER ME OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD"

Finally, the last sad day arrived. The priest, the guardian of the mystic borderland of the spirit, entered the dim candle-lit room. He gently dismissed the sniveling children and their elders. McManus was too weak for speech. In the midst of the Absolution, the O'Sheas were admitted, and the old man's soul took flight.

The funeral was the most pretentious the neighborhood had known, and requiem High Mass was celebrated. To a man the entire house of O'Shea turned out.

Before McManus was cold in his grave Egan Burke was commissioned to take the necessary legal steps to administer the estate. After two months of hideous suspense, news came from Ireland.

McManus's peat bogs in Tipperary, his quarries in Kildare, his cottages in Sligo, his country seat in Ballyclerahan, were clay-pipe-dreams. His thousands in cash were chimerical coins. Even the monthly check from Cork ceased, for it was an annuity left him by his old master, whose coachman he had been for thirty years.

In death as in life the guile of McManus O'Shea was a caution!

Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER I.

ON the parade ground at Regina one hot afternoon in September, 1885, the bugler, straight and trim in his scarlet tunic, sounded "Dress" for the day guard.

In the men's quarters, the day guard pricked up their ears.

"Bhoys, have ye got yer halos polished, an' yer harps tuned up ?" inquired Barney O'Shea, the barracks joker. "'Tis that ould divil Jackson is ordherly officer the day, an' he'll ixpict ye to be shinin' angels, no less."

"Bloomin' Tommy Atkinses, you mean," growled Alf Stanley, picking up his rifle. "There's getting to be too much British army about the force lately, Hi'm thinkin'. Jaw, jaw, jaw. 'E'll be 'ittin' us with the flat of his sword next, like we was a lot o' bloomin' conscripts. Hi'm fair sick of it—ain't you, Smith ?"

The man addressed as Smith glanced up from giving his neat boots a final rub, and his mouth was a straight line.

"I'm looking for my step, as you know," he said slowly. "But if your friend Jackson goes out of his way too often to give me a black eye, there'll be trouble."

Inspector Jackson was not popular with his men. He had come to Regina unexpectedly one morning with a commission from Ottawa in his pocket. Even the Commissioner had known nothing of his appointment until he reported at the orderly room; and when, after a short period, he had begun to give himself airs and to usurp authority that his rank as inspector, and junior at that, did not warrant, he got a call-down from the Commissioner. His brother officers, finding him a surly and opinionated brute, let him markedly alone. The natural course for a man of his type was to take his ill-temper out on his men, and he was the most cordially detested man at the post. Rumor said that he had held a commission in an Indian cavalry regiment—some said it was only a sergeantcy—and his army methods were the pet aversion of everybody. Among his other unpleasant attributes, he was a martinet whose delight it was to pounce on the least suspicion of laxity in dress or behavior, and the men turning out for guard mount in answer to the bugle were restive.

"Lind me your powder-puff, Smith, dear," drawled the irrepressible Barney. "I'm thinkin' I've a bit av a shine on the ind av me nose, an' his honor might not admire ut. Is me hat on shtraight?'

"Come out of it, you Irish Biddy," put in MacDonald. "We're like to be told we're a row of Dutch dolls when Jackson gets a crack at us, but it's time we were out on the sidewalk getting ready to fall in."

And with that the day guard went out into the Saskatchewan sunshine.

Regina was then, as to-day, the headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, whose duties in 1885, in addition to the usual "protection of person and property" embraced the

detection and seizure of contraband whiskey, the suppression of horse-stealing and the intimidation of the Indians. The Northwest had lately been the scene of the Cree and half-breed rebellion led by Louis Riel, who now lay in the police guard house under sentence of death. The other rebel prisoners had been disposed of, Big Bear and seven other Indians awaiting execution at Battleford, while Pound Maker and others had been sent to the penitentiary at Stoney Mountain. Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, had escaped across the international boundary and was safe in the United States. Regina was full of police. The force had been recruited up to a thousand men, but the extra duty entailed by the guarding of so many prisoners gave them plenty to do. Each day at two in the afternoon the guard mounted, consisting of an inspector, a sergeant, a corporal and twenty-four constables, and it was this guard that fell in in answer to the bugler's second call. The brass buttons, cartridges, belts and spurs, the spike and chain on the white helmets, the barrel and the mountings of the Winchester carbines, shone in the brilliant afternoon sun like burnished silver. The scarlet and blue of the uniforms fitted without a wrinkle, the rolled cloaks and white gauntlets were speckless. The orderly and the regimental sergeant-major inspected the line without comment. Then the R.S.M., drew his sword, and saluted the orderly officer, Jackson.

To all appearance, the men stood like statues, as Inspector Jackson went down the lines. Not a cartridge, not a spur, not an inconspicuous buckle missed his narrow eyes, and not a man of the guard but got a reprimand for some neglected detail, real or fancied. Without a flicker of an eyelash they took it as part of the day's work; but Smith, to all appearance the smartest man on parade, watched the inspector with steady look that did not lessen as Jackson ordered him an extra guard for a button that he could have seen his face in. The inspector glanced up with a pleased look in his yellow-grey eyes, and met Smith's gaze directly. Instantly he reddened.

"How dare you look at me like that, sir ?" he demanded. "What is your name ?"

"Smith," replied the man shortly.

The tone, even more than the brevity of the reply, cut. Jackson seemed to swell before their eyes.

"Smith !" he barked. "Say 'sir' when addressing an officer. Sergeant-Major, see that this man has an extra guard and report at the orderly room afterwards. Who is he ?"

"Constable Smith, sir, of P Troop," answered the sergeant-major smoothly.

"How long has he been in the service ?"

"About three months, sir."

"That will do. March them off."

And with that, Jackson, after inspecting and dismissing the old guard, returned to his quarters. "Smith, eh ?" he thought to himself as he crossed the parade ground with his precise step. "He needs some manhandling, that young fellow."

Smith, for his part, sat brooding over the matter with an ugly look about his jaw. The new guard had taken over the prisoners, relieved old sentries and posted new ones. Smith, whose turn it was to be off, by rights should have taken his blankets and lain down for a cat-nap on the six feet of deal boards allotted each man for sleeping accommodations. But instead he sat, with his chin in his hands, thinking.

Little was known of Smith in the force. He was a clever and well-educated young fellow, and although he had been in the service for only a short time, the keen eye of the Commissioner had taken note of his smart appearance and evident ability. But he did not seek company, and preferred to read when off duty. He prided himself on his attention to duty and wanted promotion. This gratuitous brutality of Jackson's lessened his chance of his step, and he resented it.

About four o'clock, he was roused from his thoughts by "Pat" Murphy. Although a commissioned officer nominally was in charge of the guard, the stocky Irish sergeant really per-

formed all the duty. There were seven posts in different parts of the barracks, but the outlying pickets were not posted until after "Retreat," and Murphy put his head inside the doorway to warn Smith to relieve Number One.

"An' moind, me lad," he added, "you 'pay proper complimints to all the officers accordin' to rank.' Ye'd better be takin' your ordher boord wid ye, this bein' your first guard. An' whativer ye do, kape your eye skinned for ould Jackson. If he gets down on ye, ye might as well desert."

"Thanks, sergeant," answered Smith pleasantly. "Hope I don't run afoul of him again to-day."

But that hope was not fulfilled. It was hardly an hour later that, while Smith was standing at ease on his post, Major Barton drove past with two young ladies. Automatically the young soldier saluted the major and his pretty fair-haired daughter who smiled graciously. The other girl was a stranger. She did not smile, but as Smith came to the salute, she leaned sharply forward so that he saw her face. To outward view, the start he gave was but a fraction of an inch; yet in that moment he felt his whole inward machinery leap, and as the neat democrat wagon spun along the road, he stared after it, oblivious to everything else in the world.

It was another of Jackson's unpleasant tricks to walk soundlessly. Perhaps at that moment Smith would not have heard a regiment of horse at the charge. In any case, he did not hear or see the inspector coming in time to salute him. Again wrath descended. Jackson "dressed him down," summarily transferred him to Number Three beat, behind the guard room, and rather piqued by Smith's stolidity, dismissed him with a final taunt that he was fit for nothing but a stable picket.

Number Three beat is a lonely one. Standing at ease, Smith's eyes travelled south over the vast treeless prairie to where in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Dirt Hills seemed to mingle with the clouds that were gradually overcasting the sky. He was glad to get away where the life and movement of the barracks square could not be seen; where he could think. Jackson's rough treatment of him was only a small thing now; he hardly realized it in the surge of new thoughts the girl in the major's rig had aroused.

What was Edith doing here? How had she found him? But had she found him? Or was it merely a scurvy trick that old Dame Fate had played him, a chance coincidence of meeting in a world that surely was not so wide as he had thought it? What was he to do? What could he do, an enlisted man at the disposal of his superior officers? Edith must not suffer, as she had made him suffer. Still— His mind swung restlessly from point to point like a vane when the wind is changing. The situation was too sudden for immediate self-adjustment. He began to pace again, and as he swung into his stride his thoughts were interrupted by the clank of chains and the rattle of a rifle on the frozen ground.

It was the rebel, Riel, being led forth to exercise in the prison yard and guarded by four men with loaded carbines. Instinctively Smith shouldered arms and stood at attention to let the party pass. It was his first chance to have a good square look at the man who had caused Canada so much uneasiness. Riel's face was pale with a prison pallor, and his eyes bright as a bird's. His long black hair fell over his shoulders in wild profusion and his black beard descended upon his breast. On his leg was riveted a chain to which was attached a heavy weight which would never be loosed until the fallen chief was on the scaffold. He was dressed in clothes of a dark color and semi-clerical cut, and to Smith he looked, save for his bright eyes, a quiet, peaceable sort of man.

Hard luck, he thought, as he watched the rebel dragging his fetter painfully along. At least he had fought bravely for what he thought was an injustice to his people. Smith had helped to break Riel's power and had fought well when there was need; but now in victory he felt a pity for his enemy's vanquishment that for a moment swallowed up his own trouble.

But not for long. As he resumed his stride, the thoughts crowded in upon him, besieging him like an army in a dream. Slowly they drifted back to his childhood home in England, and his mother. Of his father he had only a very faint remembrance, and that not an agreeable one. He had married against the wishes of his people, considerably beneath his own social position. Violent-tempered and unaccustomed to restraint, he had soon tired of the gentle, shy girl whom he had made his wife and chafed at society's criticism of himself and of her. It was a relief when finally he left her, two years subsequent to the birth of their child; and one of the dreads of the boy's childhood was that some day his father might return. Once, twenty years ago, he had written from Angola Bay, saying that he was going on an exploring expedition into the interior. That was the last his young wife had ever heard from him. How she managed to bring up and educate her baby, only she herself knew. At her death, her brother took the lad into his office, but he disliked commercial life, and had on coming of age gone to Canada where after an unsuccessful attempt at farming he drifted at twenty-three into the force. With the perspectiveless despair of youth, he considered himself a failure.

"What have I to offer a woman?" he said bitterly to himself. "No profession, no home, no prospects—not even enough money to buy my discharge. My father ruined one woman's life; I'll not ruin another's. Edith must forget me—it should be easy enough by the looks of things—and I'll travel alone. It's the only way out."

He turned to retrace his steps, and was startled by a shout. Two or three men, without their hats, were running towards the bridge that spanned the creek on the road to town. He doubled forward a few yards, and saw the Major's democrat wagon and lively team dashing at breakneck speed up the hill, the reins dragging and the two girls clinging to the seat as the rig swayed perilously.

"My God!" he groaned. "It's Edith!" and dropping his carbine he sprang forward, unclasping his belt as he ran.

The runaway was headed straight for the barracks gate, where a knot of men had by this time collected, waiting. Among them, Smith saw Inspector Jackson, and as he looked, the inspector ran hastily forward in front of the horses, waving outstretched arms. Smith caught his breath, foreseeing disaster. The team swerved from the comparatively safe road, to the left, where the steep bank of the creek invited destruction. But the constable was too quick. With one last desperate effort he reached them, sprang for the nearer beast, grasped the bit firmly with both hands, and by a superhuman effort managed to turn them from the edge.

A dozen hands were there to help him then. There was a mad plunge, a crash, a scream from the Major's daughter; and the horses stood still, quivering with excitement, while Smith lay, stunned and bleeding, on the ground.

CHAPTER II.

Inspector Jackson, seated in a comfortable arm-chair by Major Barton's fireside and listening to pleasant Miss Dexter's chat, did not look as happy as he should have done. Ostensibly, he had called to inquire about the health of the young ladies; actually, to try to reinstate himself in Edith Wheelock's graces.

The girls were none the worse for the accident of the afternoon. Alice Barton was a western girl and a soldier's daughter, and on both counts was not likely to consider a shaking up of much moment. The horses had shied suddenly; and while her little wrists had not proved quite strong enough to hold them, she would have let them run themselves out and gradually brought them under control again, had not a rein broken and completed the havoc. Edith Wheelock, for her part, had steady nerves and a temperament even to the point of apparent coldness. She had neither screamed nor tried to snatch the reins, and when the horses had finally been stopped, she descended

from the wagon without a tremor. Her first question had been for the man who had saved their lives. But willing hands had already helped him to rise, and Inspector Jackson explained that Constable Smith was being convoyed to the hospital to have a wrenched wrist cared for, and that he wished the ladies to feel no anxiety for him. With this, Edith had to be content; but the inspector noticed that her dark eyes followed the little scarlet group moving hospitalwards, and cursed his own folly in letting so good an opportunity escape.

To-night he cursed it again, and the Major's clever sister-in-law, who liked him none too well at the best of times, found him unresponsive. The girls had not yet come down, and the inspector fancied that upstairs they were discussing Smith's presence of mind and contrasting it with his own ineptness. Miss Dexter presently echoed his thoughts.

"I must call the girls again," she said, glancing at the clock. "They are so full of the accident and their hero that they can't pay any attention to mundane things. That constable really did a very plucky thing; and it seems he was too modest to let them thank him. Now I call that genuine presence of mind."

The inspector uncrossed his knees impatiently.

"The Major was very deeply touched," went on Miss Dexter. "You know since my sister Lucy died, Alice is all that he has in the world, and I think I never saw him so much moved."

Her speech was interrupted at this point by the entrance of the two girls, who greeted Inspector Jackson courteously as befitted a guest, and two or three brother officers arriving simultaneously, whatever reply Inspector Jackson had meditated was left unspoken. The Major's quarters were a rendezvous for all the unattached officers of the force, Miss Dexter having given them all a standing invitation to make the house over which she presided so charmingly their home.

"There are so few of us here," she was wont to say, "and we are so completely cut off from general society that we should be like one family. For my part, since my father was a soldier and I've lived in the army most of my days, I look upon all military men in the light of relations—cousins, you might say. So drop in at any time—there's a comfortable chair and a friendly fire and enough feminine tongues in the house to keep things gay."

Gay they were, therefore; and to-night, since almost every officer in the Post came as the evening passed to congratulate Alice and Edith on their escape, they were even gayer than usual. Even the doctor arrived.

"I thought I told you rebels to rest," he blustered. "Here you are, the minute my back is turned, looking as rosy and impudent as hollyhocks, coquetting with all of us as if you'd never missed death by a hair's breadth."

"Born to hang, won't drown," laughed Alice. "The creek refused to receive us. But come, don't be a growly-bear. That voice of yours will sound better if you sing with it, and we were just starting the 'Slave's Song'." And, taking the old doctor by his sleeve, she laughingly led him over to the piano.

"Sing with it, indeed," protested the doctor. "I ought to be over attending to your rescuer. He got a bad wrench, let me tell you."

Edith, at the piano, looked up sharply. "Is he really badly hurt, doctor ? Aunt Margaret has been over to the hospital twice, but they would not let her see him. Just what is the extent of the injury ?"

"Can't tell, as yet. The wrench, as I say, is a bad one, but that's nothing to a man of his constitution. He complains of pain in his chest. That may mean something or nothing. I hope, the latter."

"Oh," exclaimed Alice, turning pale. "What a terrible thing it would be if he should die ! I should feel as if we had been the cause of his death."

"Nonsense," said Inspector Jackson, who stood beside the piano, about to turn Edith's music for her. "The fellow will be all right in a day or two. I don't think he can be as bad as he appears. Many of these men sham sickness to get off duty."

With a swift movement, Edith turned on him. "Do you mean to imply that Smith, the man who saved our lives at the risk of his own, is only shamming sickness? Is that what you mean, sir?"

Too late, Jackson saw his mistake. He flushed darkly as he replied,

"I don't say so positively, Miss Edith. But he has a bad reputation. He was under arrest—at least ordered an extra guard for untidiness at guard mounting."

"By you," said Edith with an edge in her voice like a sword. "And that means—nothing."

"My dear Edith," interposed Miss Dexter.

Edith made a little gesture, half of courtesy to the elder woman, half of intolerance of injustice.

"I am done, Aunt Margaret, with one more word. I happen to know that Constable Smith has in some way incurred Mr. Jackson's displeasure, and that, to add to his offence, he was brave enough to perform an act which Mr. Jackson had not the courage to attempt, although the woman he professed to love was within measurable distance of death."

"Miss Edith, consider—" began the inspector in a low voice; but Edith checked him.

"You had the chance to stop the horses. I saw you, and called to you for help in vain. At least you would do better now to remain silent than to decry the man who had less opportunity than you, but who seized it more bravely."

The doctor's wife, who had interposed her broad person between the little scene and the company, glanced at the inspector icily.

"I must say, Mr. Jackson," she remarked, "that it shows poor taste on your part to say such things. My husband, I should think, knows his duty without your interference."

The inspector shot a look at her that was not pleasant to see, but it made no more impression on her ample breast than water on a duck's back. Alice made a step forward, her blue eyes very bright.

"If you will pardon me, Mr. Jackson," she said, as he moved aside for her. "We were about to sing."

The tensity of the little situation—it had occupied hardly two minutes—was relieved. The doctor joined the group at the piano; Jackson moved sulkily away; and Edith, turning to the keys, crashed into a series of stormy chords that presently gave place to the wistful melody of the "Slave Song," a melody like wind in the reeds after rain, and the plover's lonely cry. The doctor's baritone and Alice's clear soprano joined in.

"Gad, Jackson looks as if Miss Edith had given him his licks," said the Commissioner in an undertone to Major Barton.

"It would serve him right if she had," answered the Major. "He was standing directly at the gate when those damned horses got out of Alice's hands, and instead of doing anything useful, by the Lord, sir, he ran out in the middle of the road and waved his arms at them as if they were chickens. Chickens, sir, and he an old woman with a checked apron. Of course the beasts jibbed, and by luck they jibbed to the left. This man Smith was behind the guardhouse—saw the whole thing—threw down his carbine, ran hell-for-leather, got the brutes by the bit as any sensible man would do, and stopped them dead. Saved Alice's life, sir. Adequate, sir; damned adequate." And the bluff old Major blew his nose.

"I've had my eye on him for some time," agreed the Commissioner. "He showed excellent stuff at that Pine Ridge affair—you recall? This episode is quite in line with what I know of him. I'm proud to have him in my command. . . . Gad, Miss Edith sings well."

Edith did sing well. Her voice was a creamy contralto of fire and beauty, and the coldness that marred her face in repose vanished when she was at the piano. Her color, heightened by her encounter with Jackson, glowed under her dark skin, as she sang the plaintive words of the sold and lonely slave,

WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT, EDITH TURNED ON INSPECTOR JACKSON
LIVES AT THE RISK OF HIS OWN IS ONLY SHAMING

"DO YOU MEAN TO IMPLY THAT SMITH, THE MAN WHO LAVED OUR SICKNESS? IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN, SIR?"

Bright bird, light bird,
Bird with a broken wing,
Do you bring me a letter,
Or do you bring me a ring?
Or do you bring me a verse of a song
My lover used to sing?

She gave them with a passion that was startling to anyone who knew only her speaking voice, and as she finished, the doctor, looking down at her, saw tears in her dark eyes.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you should have followed my advice. A Saskatchewan runaway is not the light thing you think. Come now, slip away from this chatter, drink a glass of milk and lie down for fifteen minutes."

But Edith only smiled. "It's nothing, doctor. See, I'm all over it now. We'll not sing any more sad songs, but have a bit of gaiety. Come, Alice, give us something light and dancy."

When she looked around for Jackson later, he was gone, having made his adieux to Miss Dexter under cover of the music and gone out into the night to digest his ill-temper and chagrin as best he might. The company settled down to whist, and Edith stopped by Miss Dexter's chair.

"I'm feeling a little tucked up, Aunt Margaret," she murmured. "The doctor said I'd better not overdo this evening, and if you'll make my peace with the company, I think I'll slip off upstairs."

"That will be a very good thing, my dear," said Miss Dexter. "You look quite flushed. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"No, I'll go right to sleep, I think. Tell Alice not to waken me when she comes. Good-night." And Edith was gone.

But her bed was not to be disturbed for some time yet. Hastily she slipped off her light silk by the light of a single candle and clad herself in a dark frock, muffling her head and face in a veil so that she would not be easily recognized. Cautiously she slipped out of the back entrance, and silently as a shadow flitted over to the hospital. She knew the orderly there, and when she asked after Frank Smith, was astounded to receive the information that the orderly officer had ordered him to go on duty that night.

"An' sure, 'tis a black shame," said Terence indignantly. "Wid an ar-rm like that he shud be in his bed. But that divil Jackson—beggin' your pardon, Miss Edith—is down on him, an' he had to go."

"Where is his post ?" she demanded.

"On th' bank av th' creek, near the quartermasther's store. He'll be on from twelve till two, an' thin agin from six to eight in the mornin'

No, Miss Edith, never a word will I breathe. Sure, I'm a bit blind in me off eye, an' me hearin's none the best on a night like this. 'Tis the brave lad he is, an' a word from ye will not be comin' amiss."

"Goodnight, Terence, and thank you." Edith could be kind to those who were her inferiors, and had many a friend that Aunt Margaret would have gasped to see. Old Terence would have cheerfully gone into the operating room on one of his own ambulances and parted with a leg for her sake. He sent a blessing after the slim figure that vanished into the darkness towards the quartermaster's store.

"Halt ! Who comes there ?"

It was Smith's challenge, and at his voice the girl's heart nearly choked her with its beating. For an instant she paused. The night was black as a wolf's throat, and he could not see her, but he heard her footsteps pause and then advance again.

"Halt, I say, or I'll fire."

Again she paused, and pressed her hand against her throbbing breast.

"Frank !" She breathed, rather than spoke it. There was a pale reflection from the waters of the creek, and she could see his rifle lower at the word. She sprang forward. "Frank, are you hurt ? Frank !" No one would have recognized the cold, imperious beauty now in this timid, pleading creature.

"Edith !" he said in a tone of amazement. "What are you doing here ?"

"Are you hurt ?"

"What difference does that make ?"

"All the difference in the world. The doctor said you'd wrenched your

arm. Why are you on duty here? Did Jackson dare—"

Smith stiffened at the name. Jackson? She did know him then? She was familiar with his movements and intentions? —He spoke with chill formality.

"Miss Wheelock, you cannot pass here without the countersign. It is very imprudent for you to leave the house at this time of night. And as I have my orders, I cannot talk with you. Please return."

He could see her droop, even in the darkness. When she spoke, there was a quiver in her voice.

"You didn't call me 'Miss Wheelock' the last time I saw you."

"Things have changed."

"Why?"

Smith could not trust himself to reply. He paced the length of his post and back. Then he said only,

"Will you be good enough to return to the house? If the Major should learn of this he would be very angry."

"Why have things changed?"

"You ask me?"

"I do. Oh, Frank, why are you so hard to me?"

"What else should I be to another man's—" He broke off.

"Another man's what? And whom do you mean by 'another man'?"

"I mean Jackson. And, not having the latest advices, I cannot say how I should fill out the sentence. I expected to find you his wife."

Scarlet mounted to her very hair, and when she spoke again, her voice shook.

"You dare to suggest that I should be his wife? What reason have I ever given you to say that to me? You should know something of me by this time; have you ever seen the slightest action on my part that would give you such license? Unless, indeed, you call this mad folly of mine to-night just cause; and if you do, it is time that I returned indeed."

"No? Then why did you sail on the same boat with him without saying a word to any of us? Why have you vanished for nearly two years without a word to your friends or your people? Why are you here at the same post with him now, encouraging his attentions, seen with him, admitting him to your house?"

"I wrote to you on board, and you never answered."

"I never received the letter. From the time I last saw you in Liverpool—you remember the night we went to the Gaiety—until this afternoon, I have never had a line nor a word of news from you. I thought—but never mind that. Why did you not write to your aunt—to some of us? Why did you go in that sudden fashion, anyway?"

"My mother was dying in New York. You never knew of her. My father married her in America, and she preferred to live there, while he in his profession of war correspondent and journalist had to travel. When I came home from the Gaiety that night there was a cablegram from her asking father or me to come. Father was in Bosnia. Aunt Louise was visiting in Hertfordshire—you know, the Allans—and the maid was out. There was no one at home but myself. I found that there was a steamer sailing at five o'clock that morning. I put a few things in a bag, and took a cab straight to the dock. There was no time to write or send messengers. After I was on board I wrote to you and to Aunt Louise, and gave the letters to the steward, who said he would see they were mailed before the boat left. I suppose he failed to do it."

"Damn him!" said Frank Smith under his breath.

"After I reached New York there was so much to do that I had no time, and not very much heart to write. Mother was very ill with inflammatory rheumatism. She needed constant care. There was no money for a nurse. I worked over her day and night for nearly two months. Oh, it was an awful time. I thought I should go mad when I wasn't thinking I should die of sheer weariness. All this while I never heard a word from you or from Aunt Louise. Father hadn't given me any address—you know how he is. I had no idea whether he might be in Bosnia or in Afghanistan by that time. I wrote again to Aunt Louise, and got

my letter back marked "Moved. No address." I heard indirectly that you had left England,—left without a word to me in my trouble; and I didn't write again."

"Oh, Lord!" said Smith. "What a brute you must have thought me."

"You can see now, how it happened, can't you?" she asked.

"Of course. But how did it come that you and Jackson were on the same boat? We were nearly frantic when we found you had gone without leaving a word to anyone, and we put a private detective on the case. He turned up the Fragonia's sailing list, and there were your name and Jackson's. He had been making love to you, as we all knew. The inference was obvious."

Edith shook her head.

"I never knew he was on board at all until you told me. I stayed in my cabin almost all the way across. I was ill and wretched. I haven't seen him since he troubled me so in Liverpool until I met him here at the Bartons'. He has been very unpleasant to me, and only this evening I expressed my opinion of him so emphatically that he left the house. Was it he that ordered you to go on duty with that wrenched arm?"

"Yes. But that's nothing. I could stand a dozen wrenched arms now that I know you're safe."

With a swift movement the girl came closer, and put up her face. But Smith did not stir. She reached out her hand with a pleading little gesture.

"Kiss me, Frank," she said softly. "It's been so long."

But Smith moved back a pace in the darkness, and gripped himself hard to carry it through.

"No, Edith," he said with a harsh note in his voice. "I'm not going to kiss you."

"You don't care any more?"

Smith hesitated an instant.

"Put it that way, if you like," he said. Anyway, I'm not going to kiss you, or see you alone again."

"Don't you believe I've told you the truth?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me the truth. Are you tired of me? Is that it? Perhaps—why, perhaps you're even married. Tell me. I can bear anything rather than this uncertainty."

"I'm not married, nor thinking of being married. And, tired of you! My God, Edith, no. But I've nothing to offer you, girl. I'm a failure—a penniless, prospectless constable. I couldn't give a scrubwoman the kind of a home she was used to, let alone a girl like you. I haven't the right to take you. And I can't stand it to see you without—without—Well, I can't see you, that's all."

"Nobody's a failure at twenty-three." There was a ring of joy in Edith's voice. "Make good. You don't know how little I can do with."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"This is a hard country on an Englishman. I don't understand farming, and the service is the only thing I've succeeded in as yet. At that, Jackson may down me."

"You've done well in it. The Commissioner said some very nice things about you to-day."

"Well enough for a single man. But not for you. You're a guest in the Major's house; I'm just Smith. No, Edith, it's no use. You must go now. I'm glad you came; you don't know how glad. And perhaps I can look out for you without seeming to do it. But you mustn't come again; and, no, I won't kiss you."

As he spoke, three rifle shots rang out from the hay corral, followed by a scream and the voice of the sentry on number six was heard shouting excitedly.

"Halt! Halt there, or I fire!"

"Get to the house, Edith," ordered Smith swiftly. "Quick. There's trouble afoot."

She was close to him, as he spoke. Like a flash, she reached up, drew down his head and kissed him on the lips. Then, like a startled rabbit, she darted for the Major's quarters.

Towards the hay corral, another shot split the night air—a curse—a shout—and then silence.

To be continued.

A Summer Toboggan

TORONTO TO MONTREAL ON BLUE WATER

By Cy Warman

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," "The Last Spike," "Stories of the Railroad," etc.

THE Chinaman's description of a toboggan, "Z-z-zip! Walk a mile!" does not apply here. You simply glide down the swift St. Lawrence and zip back to Toronto on the International Limited, and there is no walking either way.

It was the morning after the day before—that is, twelve hours after the coronation of King George Fifth. Yesterday in Toronto had been one long scream to the Divinity to save the King, and if he escaped they couldn't blame the "Cradle of the Good." It was a glorious Canadian summer day, and not the least enjoyable of its charms was the restful hush that followed the roar.

While they are loading the baggage, let me tell you about Toronto. They used to say in England that Toronto was the place where you changed cars for Cobalt, but Toronto has lost this distinction. Now the trainmen northbound call out, "Buffalo! Change cars for Porcupine," and they run solid through this beautiful city to the gold camp up near the appendix of Hudson Bay. If it happens to be Sunday morning, the newsboys will enter the cars at Buffalo and Niagara Falls and warn the people to buy a morning paper, saying, "No papers sold on Sunday in Canada." The same boys should add that you can't buy a cigar or a cigarette. And, if you should become devilish and order a bottle of pop or ginger ale, you must order a banquet, or biscuit; a dinner or a doughnut, before you can be served. Also, if you read the pasted signs on the pillars and posts at the summer resorts you will learn that, "All provisions ordered must be consumed on

the premises." "If it kills you," they might have added. That is the law.

The regulation of Sunday work is such that a good Christian from Quebec, seeing a funeral passing, crossed himself and was immediately run in for working, on Sunday.

Yes, Toronto is as good as it is beautiful—almost too good to be true.

It was three in the afternoon when we cast off all cables and cares and steamed slowly out of the beautiful bay. We did not head immediately down the Lake for Montreal, as I had expected, but steamed across the blue-green water for Charlotte on the northern selvage of the United States.

By great good fortune I fell in with a writing friend who proved an excellent guide and interpreter. He seemed to know everyone, and everybody seemed to know or, at least, to suspect him. It is much better to be known. I felt that way about the tunes when the country bands were blowing forth their loyalty in a laudable effort to save the King. Those they knew were "not too bad" to use a Canadian expression, but those they merely suspected were excruciating. This good guide, (who spoke English) took me aloft and introduced me to the captain, who made us welcome, as he "steadied," "starboarded" and "larboarded" the good ship "Toronto." I hushed my happy heart to hear him say "hard-a-lee" but he didn't.

The sea was serene with scarcely a ripple or a wave save for the "jiggle of the screw," until the sun went down and we sighted the busy shores of the restless Republic.

A black cloud curtained the west. Just as the sun went down, the wind began to rattle the rigging, the one thing wanted to help the imagination out to sea. The big bronzed captain disappeared for a moment, then showed up on the bridge wearing a sou'-wester. Also, to my view, he wore, in addition an air of anxiety. Forward, rain fell in big drops that splashed upon the deck, and for all I knew it was raining aft, as well.

The dark cloud darkened, thunder crashed, lightning flashed, and when I had recovered from the blinding effect I peered out and there was my viking captain on the bridge, brave as ever.

Now the ship was rolling gracefully, the wind was wailing about the rigging and crying at the cracks and crevices of the cabin. By this time I was far at sea, but my eyes were for my brave captain.

"Is he not splendid ?" I whispered to my guide.

"Yes," he answered, "Grand, picturesque and peculiar."

Now the search light began to pick up the shore and show us the entrance to the river which is the sheltered harbor of Charlotte.

Presently I leaned from an open window.

Naturally the memory of "Wan dark night on Lak' St. Pierre" came to me, and I asked the captain if he could recite "The Wreck of the Julie Plant."

The captain did not answer. The man at the wheel seemed to strangle and choke, his fist in his face. The captain called to him "Steady !" and he immediately got himself and the ship under control. My guide pinched my elbow, suggesting that I go below and join my elder sister, who was chaperoning me on the trip. As we descended, he observed that the pilot house was no place for an impressionable young person, and my sister was cruel enough to agree with the guide.

When we had coaled and watered the ship we steamed out into the Lake, now starlit and calm. The winds were hushed and silenced the erstwhile slap and scuffle of the sea. I said the sea was silent but there was a noticeable underswell in the wake of the storm that set our good ship rolling gently and so at midnight we were rocked to sleep.

Just when the rosy tints of the rising sun were filtering through the shore trees, shortening the shadows that lay out over the liquid deep, we stopped at Kingston. Here is the end of the last link of that great chain of northern inland seas. Here is the beginning of the mighty St. Lawrence, whose waters were to carry us on to Montreal. At Kingston is a Military College where men are schooled to go out into the world and kill other men. At King

ston is a great Federal Prison where men are held in chains for killing men.

But war, the worry and waste of it was all forgotten in quiet contemplation of the peaceful panorama that unrolled as we glided on and on. Here, between the shaded shores that mark the end of the Dominion and the beginning of the big Republic, that regal river, the mighty St. Lawrence, sweeps majestically on to tell her story, her joys and her sorrows to the sea. Very picturesque and imposing she seems as she flows on, a thousand emerald isles bejewelling her breast, her shimmering surface mirroring the backward moving landscape and showing the shore-trees upside down.

As we enter the Land of Isles the shores on either side are studded with the summer homes of Canadian and American millionaires, while castles and cottages cover the large and little isles. And near these summer homes, riding at anchors (it was early morn) were scores of graceful and beautiful craft, tugging at their moorings as if eager to be off to skim the surface of this broad and beautiful stream.

Our next stop was at Alexandra Bay where there is a handsome hotel right at the water's edge, all manner of boat livery, quaint habitant guides and a curio shop.

Now the shores, that at first were silent, then set with summer homes, show prosperous towns and cities on either hand. From the upper deck the splendid farms whose sunny field reach down to the river are tipped to face us, like pictures on a plate rail. All morning we watched "the sleepy shore, like playhouse scenes glide past."

At ten o'clock we left the larger ship and stepped across to a rapids shooter, the "Queen," I believe it was called. Here the tobogganing began. Gracefully but with countless capers and curves the light ship leaped from billow to billow where the swift river fought and fretted among the giant boulders that pave the bed of this beautiful stream. Sometimes, when the ship plunged down the slope of a big wave, forcing the water away, we got a glimpse of a great stone, whose wet shoulder showed plainly in the new-made trough of the shifting "sea." There is a long series of rapids on this run, the swiftest and wildest being Lachine, near Montreal. It's easy going, down stream, but here and there we saw up-river boats cutting out these rapids and crossing meadows and fields by wide canals.

The sun was setting behind the Laurentian range when we passed under the great Grand Trunk Bridge and docked at Montreal, the metropolis of Canada.

SONG FOR "THE NIGHT"

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THE night is a fallen jewel,
The night is ten thousand eyes,
The night is a man that's cruel,
The night is a woman who lies.

The night is a starlit glory,
A dream of clear heaven above.
The night is pure music and longing,
The night—ah, the night is Love.

Her Own Heroine

By Mrs. R. H. Davis

Illustrated by Marjory H. Mason

I DO not know on what grounds I am justified in calling Elizabeth a heroine. She never suffered from reverse of fortune, from false friend, or treacherous enemy. Her worst grievance was sick-headache. Her father failed, it is true; but the world did not turn its back coldly on her; they were only anxious in the sewing circle to know if he would reopen with a fresh stock of lawns, or if it was too late in the summer for that. Elizabeth was a governess. There is a point gained. She taught the Selden children all that she knew of music. But Mrs. Selden was not an aristocratic tyrant; in fact Lizzy rather patronized the old lady. Nor did Charles Selden, when he ran down from town, fall in love, according to rule, with the modest governess, in preference to all the girls he knew in the city, who were quite as modest, and much better bred.

Elizabeth was neither dazzling blonde nor tropical brunette; her eyes were not violet, nor purple-black, but gray—pleasant and honest, but nothing more; nor was her hair "the gold that Titian loved, of treacherous, tawny yellow;" the best that could be said of it was, that it was all her own. She reminded you of neither a sunbeam nor a leopard; when she moved, it was not with the flutter of a bird, nor the loping stealth of a cat; she walked wherever she wanted to go very much as you or I would. I must make more humiliating confessions; Elizabeth neither sparkled with wit, nor was devoured by morbid longings. She probably never said a brilliant thing in her life, nor did she "charm you by personal magnetism." I cannot even find a point in the matter of dress on which to hang a description. Of course, she had no lucent emeralds, nor carved ambers in which to manifest her secret self to the one appointed eye; but it would not have been unreasonable to expect that inevitable marvelous point lace, which the most poverty-stricken heroine providentially inherits to wear on the critical evening of her life. If Lizzy secured her pretty new merino in the fall, and jaconet muslin in the spring, she was as happy as any girl in Chester county.

Considered as a heroine, Elizabeth was a failure. When a stranger came to church, nobody pointed her out as one of the village belles—she did not even sit in the choir; but the stranger was sure to be taken to her mother's house as the place where they would be secure of cordial welcome and enjoyment; and they inevitably fell in love with homely Mrs. Woods, as one of the friendliest and pleasantest people alive, adding that when Lizzy was as old as her mother, she would probably be just like her. The house of Mrs. Woods was the rendezvous for the village; the clergyman and his wife dropped in for supper almost every night; the deacons came to argue for or against predestination; the matrons for receipts, the young people to carry on their love-making in some of the

shady nooks in the orchard, which the old lady, they declared, left untrimmed for the purpose.

Elizabeth's own love-making had been done in the house, what there was of it. She was engaged to be married next month. John Melvin did not like sitting under bushes, or in the moonlight—he had enough of out-of-doors on the farm, he said. Lizzy was paring peaches by the kitchen-table with her mother the morning the matter was definitely settled. He called to ask about some grape-cuttings, and stood joking and dipping bits of Morris-Whites in the sugar-dish, and eating them. Elizabeth was in high spirits that morning.

"You are a saucy, idle girl," said her mother.

"Shall I take her off your hands, aunt Eley? Will you put up my peaches for me next year, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth laughed and nodded. And then, looking up, saw that John's face was grave and had flushed a little.

"I mean it, Mrs. Woods," he said. "Elizabeth must always have known that I wished it."

"How was I to know it, Mr. Melvin?" stammered Lizzy. "You never said —"

"Never sent you flowers, or came 'tronnying on a fiddle at night,' eh?" laughed John. "Ought I to have gone through with all that philandering? When I mean business, I mean business. I think you understood me," putting his hand on her arm, which was bared for work.

"I think she did, John," her mother said, finding that Elizabeth did not speak.

"Then you'll come, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth nodded again, but did not look up this time. When she was pleased or touched, she had one of the most agreeable, lovable faces in the world. John thought this now and stood still with his hand on her arm, looking at her a moment.

"Have you settled it, children?" said Mrs. Woods, looking back from the stove, to which she had discreetly turned.

"Yes, aunt Eley." He took his hand from her arm. No one spoke. Lizzy went on paring the peaches, and her mother weighed them. Mrs. Woods had hoped for this for a long time. John Melvin was as steady as a rock, and his farm was his own, and unincumbered. There was a great weight lifted from her heart about Lizzy's future.

As for John, he, too, had been anxious about this matter for years. Elizabeth was very dear to him; yet he would never have married her if she had been a shrew, or wasteful But she had no faults that he could discover. He had suddenly come into full daylight this morning.

People in the country, however, usually smother emotion under the commonplaces nearest at hand. "Well, I must be going," said John. "Brooks is coming to look at that Alderney heifer. I'll be down this evening, to talk it over."

"Very well, John. We're pretty busy now, as you see;" and Mrs. Woods tumbled her peaches into the kettle.

"Good-by, Lizzy," stooping, quite as a matter of course, to kiss her burning cheek.

That was the first sharp disappointment perhaps in Elizabeth's life. That first kiss, whether given in the woodland shade by moon-light, or wherever it might be, was always the culminating point in all the novels she had read; the moments when the heroine's pains and doubts were merged into pure certainty of knowing herself beloved. Bliss was reached. Life had nothing more to give. Every girl is her own heroine. If Lizzie had, in rapt second sight, looked upon that supreme moment, who can blame her?

It was over. John had kissed her, here, in daylight, in the kitchen, before her mother and Miss Pitts, their help for the summer, who had arrived from the cellar at the critical moment. The kiss was very much like any other kiss. She knew yesterday, as well as to-day, that John Melvin would ask her to be his wife. She had not thrilled or trembled. As he kissed her, she was thinking that her hair was still in the crimping-pins, and had noticed that his boots smelled of the barn-yard.

Paradise had opened for Elizabeth,

and she had gone in; but she still wore her old clothes, and found instead of celestial fruits only the hayfields and mullein of every day.

This was three months ago. The wedding was to be next month. The whole country called Lizzy a fortunate girl. John had fitted up the old farmhouse to please her; had even sent the carpenters to Mrs. Woods for a plan of the pantry. Dry goods were down, so that her money had gone much further than they hoped in new dresses.

"I WISH I WERE A MAN!" ELIZABETH SAID PASSIONATELY, LOOKING UP

It was all very pleasant, very comfortable. But as for bliss—? The celestial fruits were yet untouched. This was the old hay-field and mullein, with the sun brighter on it, perhaps. She used to try to say over to herself, in an exaltation of feeling with Thekla,

> Thou Holy One, take home Thy child!
> I have lived, and I have loved!

Now really, she did not want to go home at all; she was perfectly comfortable. But she had missed the romance that is every girl's birthright. The wine of life had come to her with all the bead and sparkle gone. People began to notice how she moped and complained of headache. Mrs. Merrill, the clergyman's wife, joked her about it, one evening, after tea.

"You were never so fidgety and nervous in your life, Elizabeth, as now, when your fortune's made."

"Young women have a sort of wild-oats to sow as well as young men, I suppose," said Lizzy, trying to be as criminal and reckless as possible. "And you are all so good, I never have had a chance to sow mine."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Merrill.

"I don't know either," shrugging her shoulders. She saw John Melvin turn to her flushed face with an astonished, questioning look. "He would not marry me unless my temper was good," thought Lizzy. In all the novels she had read, was there ever a lover who would hesitate for temper, or such minor trifles? Of a surety, Elizabeth had been sore cheated in her lot of life.

"Will you come out and show me your wall-flowers?"

It was the stranger from New York, whom Mrs. Merrill had brought over for tea, who spoke. Elizabeth was so used to strangers that she had not noticed him before. She went before him now, glad to get away from them all, down through the dusky garden paths to the wall-flowers. The damp November wind swept up from the river across the stubble-fields.

"There is healing in 'the invisible fingers of the wind,'" he said, as if talking to himself.

A queer-looking little man, Lizzy thought, turning to look at him sharply: with a bilious-yellow complexion, dead black eyes, and lank hair put behind his ears, dressed in a coarse brown suit of city cut, the pockets stuffed with letters and cigars.

"I always think of old mother Nature as perpetually curing," turning to Elizabeth, with a smile that somehow established a kinship between them. "Not the loftiest conception, perhaps; but we poor dogs of men use each other so cruelly, that one likes to go out to the hills and fancy a wailing, loving presence there. There, at least, we are no longer alone, and are appreciated!"

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. As for the hills, she never had recourse to them, except to reach the farms on the other side. But did not she, too, stand alone and unappreciated? She waited breathless for the next words. But Mr. Hanlon drew a long breath, altered the position of his old felt hat, and was done with sentiment.

"Now to get at the idea of the wind," said he briskly, "you ought to face a sou'-wester, coming over the plains, on your route to New Mexico."

"Oh! were you ever there?" cried Elizabeth, whose townspeople never were known to leave the borough limits.

"Yes," turning to her excited facewith an amused smile. "You would delight in the fuchsias—sixteen feet. But this is an old story I am beginning. I mentioned the fuchsias in my letters from the plains this summer. You read the newspapers?"

"You are not 'Kappa?'" cried Elizabeth, clasping her hands.

"That is my newspaper signature. In the magazines I give my name."

Lizzy was dumb. Nobody who had not lived in a country village, and known the awe-approaching dread excited by a man who has "written for the press," can comprehend her emotion. Hanlon laughed, and turned it off with a cough. "Now here is a little thing which may interest you. The nutting-party last week, you remember?" drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "I am here for rest, but I use all the material that I find. All is grain that comes to a poor scribbler's mill."

"HEAVEN HAS SENT YOU A BETTER LOT," HE ANSWERED, SMILING SADLY. "GOOD-BYE"

Grain? Golden seed, indeed, to bring forth such fruit as this! Elizabeth sat on a log of the fence poring over the column with kindling eyes.

"Why, I was there! It was stupid and commonplace to me; but here—it is a poem!"

"You compliment me," strapping up his pocket-book. Then he found room for himself on the log beside her. She was a fresh, original little thing! Apparently out of spirits, too. He might as well amuse himself and her. Elizabeth read and reread the story of the nutting-party. Why, here was magic! The dull, ordinary jaunt through the woods read like a strain of music! The turnpike, the wagons, the party of nutters had become a poet's pilgrimage. This man had the divine gift; he could turn the weary hay-fields and mullein for her into celestial fruits.

"I have not let it be known who I was," he said. "I did not think there was any one in the village who cared for my pursuits; any one of my kin or kind until now."

Elizabeth made no answer. She had never before felt herself a whit different from the other village people; she had no other tastes, read no other books than theirs; but now she was utterly set apart from them. A great gulf lay between her and them. She was one of the immortal brotherhood of genius.

"You don't object to smoke? Well, then, I'll show you some of my summer's work. Mere studies, you see," lazily leaning back and puffing his cigar, while he opened one newspaper slip after another. They sat there until dark came. "We must go in, or we will have your knight down to reckon with me. You ought not to have put the yoke about your neck, by-the-by, until you had seen more of the world, Miss Lizzy. If you were a boy, how I should like you for companion out yonder exploring in the west!"

Lizzy did not answer. If John came down, he undoubtedly had the right to break up this delicious dream which the last hour had brought. Why did she give him the right? The "yoke" galled her. If there had been any approach to flirtation in Hanlon's manner, her purity would have taken the alarm. But this intellectual sympathy—this wish that she were a boy and his companion: there was a greeting here of soul to soul, which she had never received from John Melvin, and in which was no disloyalty to him. As for Lizzy's part in the conversation, we may conclude she had given satisfaction in the matter of admiration, from Hanlon's reflections as he followed her up the path, drawing the last whiff from his cigar.

"Wants cultivation, poor little body! But she has very correct ideas in the main—sees where an article has power better than your professional critics, hang them!"

"I will come over in the morning," he added, aloud, "and read you some passages from that book I mentioned, Miss Lizzy. That is, if you will be at leisure?"

Now Lizzy had promised to go over with John and look at the poultry yard, which needed a fence. But—"I will be at leisure," she said.

"Come down to the place where we were sitting just now, then. It's a shady little nook, and will be cool in the morning, eh?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Unless our sir knight has objections?" looking at her keenly. "He is the fiance, you know, and I am only the friend."

"He does not care to sit in shady corners to talk to me himself, and he won't even notice that others do it," she laughed, but petulantly.

"Ah-h?" He walked beside her in silence, giving one or two furtive, inquiring glances at her heated face. Ben Hanlon was a generous, imaginative fellow. "The girl is being driven into an unwelcome marriage," he thought. "I'll be as kind to her as I I can." When they reached the porch, the moon had fully risen, and threw long, flickering rays of mystical light over the trailing vines and ghost-like trees.

"No, I will not come in," he said.

She halted on the upper step, looking down at the pale face that fixed a strange, pitying look on her. Somehow the ordinary good-by, which she would have spoken, died on her lips.

"We are friends, are we not?" he

said in a low voice, holding out his hand.

There was no disloyalty to John in giving him her hand, surely? Yet the nervous fingers of the friend thrilled her as the lover's had never done.

When John came for Elizabeth next morning, she was snugly ensconced in the corner of the ivy-covered wall overlooking the creek, and could not be found at the house. Hanlon lay at her feet, reading to her. It was a hot day, and this shade and the ripple of the water were pleasanter than Mrs. Merrill's best room. Lizzy amused him, too, and he thought sincerely that he was showing her a kindness. When noon came, therefore, and the dinner-horns blew, he half rose and lazily sank back again. "If we could only stay here all the afternoon?" he yawned.

Lizzy's heart throbbed with guilty pleasure. Why should she not have this one happy day? It would be the last. "I will go and steal some lunch, and we will stay!" she suggested, breathless.

Hanlon laughed. He looked uneasy for a moment as she ran away, but puffed away his twinge of conscience with his cigar, and then sauntered out to the melon-patch and brought in a cantaloupe. Lizzy ran back in triumph. She had completed her foraging unseen, and they sat side by side on the grass and nibbled the bread-and-cheese, and shared the melon with all the zest of adventure of two truant school-boys.

During the long afternoon Hanlon read, or lazily talked of his favorite subjects, his own life, and his own opinions, while Lizzy listened, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes fixed on the broad sheet of water rippling in the sun. She heard John Melvin's voice at the house, but she did not move. She wondered if it would ever have power over her life again? Elizabeth, we think, improves in her role of heroine. She was, however, neither an intolerably vain, nor passionate woman, as you may judge her to be. She had only a certain vein of romance, or sentiment, which John Melvin had never thought it worth while to open. Hanlon did think it worth while for an hour's amusement, and it bubbled forth with a depth and abandon of which he had no conception.

The sun was setting when he rose. "It is unfair in me to keep you longer. I have no claim on you." She thought he sighed. "I am going to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"It is later than I intended. I meant to go to-day. But I felt that I must know you better." He hesitated. "One hears a friendly call sometimes, sailing on this great ocean of life, and we know that it comes from one born in our own country. But the ships only touch to part. They cannot sail in company."

"No. And yet—I wish I were a man!" passionately, looking up.

"Heaven has sent you a better lot," laughing, yet half-sadly. "Are you not coming to the house? Good-by then."

"Must you go now?" she said.

"Yes I have an engagement with, with—These stupid duties are the chain wherewith we're darkly bound, after all, I think." He held her hand, pressed it slightly, and hurried away. The truth was, it was Mrs. Merrill's supper-hour, and he had a keen remembrance of her fried chicken and waffles.

As for Lizzy, she sat still to think. She had learned from her favorite histories that in every heroic life comes the crisis, the imminent moment when Fate must be met and grappled with. She thought it had come now; she determined to look at her Fate as coolly as Lily Dale or Mary Lowther, her favorite heroines, would have done. John Melvin, she acknowledged, was one of the noblest types of men, generous, honorable to a fault, and loved her dearly. But all this could be said of the unhappy lovers, of these her heroines. Of Hanlon she knew nothing. He was the acquaintance of a day. He might be weak, cruel, a gambler, or a roue; but he pleased her passion or whim. Her heroines on this ground had struggled through volume after volume of contumely and misery, to cling to their whim for the scoundrel, and make the deserving man's life wretched. This was the highest ruling in the court of Love. To be sure,

Hanlon did not love her, there was no chance that he ever would. But would Mary Lowther have hesitated for that? In the name of earnest womanhood—no! Was not the remembrance of certain "thrills", with which her hand had touched her cousin's coat, enough to induce that heroic young female to to cast away her lover, and make himself and her comfortably wretched for the rest of their lives?

Night gathered around Lizzy as she sat alone. Her blood grew chilled, her head pained her. The outcry and persecution would be terrible if she broke her betrothal; she was not a strong girl, and she began to cry. "But I cannot marry him with the feeling that I have!" she sobbed. Perhaps under all was some vague idea that if Hanlon knew she was free—must the ships part in mid ocean? "I will go to John and tell him all," she cried, getting up.

Perhaps if she had had time to reach the house, the story might never have been told. But a hand was laid on her shoulder as she spoke.

"What is the 'all' you have to tell me, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, John!" (There was no need to tell all; half would do.)

"I meant to say to you," pale and desperate, "that it must all stop. I cannot be your wife, John."

"Why not, Lizzy?" He laughed—a wild discordant laugh, she thought.

"We are not alike. There is not that kindred instinct, that sympathy between those born under our star," trying to talk the dialect of all young women in her situation. "I will never make you happy, John."

"I think you will, Lizzy," gravely. "I have loved you a long time; since you were a little midge of a thing at school. I never told you that, did I? I have studied your character and my own thoroughly. I did not let passion blind me, and I think we have every element of happiness to begin with. God helping me, I'll do my part." Elizabeth felt an inexpressible swell of comfort rising in her heart. There surely never was a manlier man than John; and his smile just now was as tender as a woman's. But what! Where were her instincts of affinity? Did not John Eames plead in just this way, and did not Lily Dale nobly turn her back on him, and vindicate her pure instincts by clinging to the boorish ruffian who had jilted her?

"Go!" cried Elizabeth, tragically, turning away.

But John Melvin held her by the wrist.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?" he said.

The man was capable of passion, after all, and she had pushed him too far.

"I mean that you must go on your own road. I cannot marry you."

"If you don't marry me, Elizabeth Woods, my horse may break my neck, to-night, for aught I care!" and he flung her from him.

"John! John!" she cried, feebly.

But John was gone. The next moment she heard his horse's hoofs galloping down the creek road.

She sobbed a little, but not long. The gusty scene had relieved her overburdened spirit, as sheet lightning clears the atmosphere. She went into the house and ate her supper with an appetite. To-morrow Mr. Hanlon would, doubtless, come to say goodbye again, and there would be that delicious pattering of words and looks on the border-land of friendship and passion; and there would be another stormy scene with John—and would she make it up with John, after all? Poor old fellow! It seemed as if she really had always been John's property. She romped with the baby awhile, and then tried on her wedding-bonnet with great satisfaction, going to work to alter the flowers.

About ten o'clock her father came in. "The creek bridge is down, I told the commissioners 'twan't safe weeks ago."

"Did not John take the creek road going home, Lizzy?" said Mrs. Woods.

But Lizzy could not answer for the sudden terrible choking in her throat.

"Pshaw! John Melvin's not the sort of man to risk his neck so," said her father, leisurely drawing off his boots. "What's the use of skeering the child? She's as white as a sheet.

John's got his wits and his eyes about him, Libby. He'll be here in the morning, I'll warrant him."

But John did not come in the morning, nor at noon, nor at night. Mr. Woods, becoming alarmed, rode over to the farm. John had not returned on the night before; the workmen supposed he had remained with the Woods, as he had lately sometimes done. Mr. Woods came home pooh-poohing and gruff, but inwardly terribly in doubt. His wife went about pale and silent; the village was in a fever of alarm, which was subdued into anxious whispering when Lizzy approached. They need not have tried to shield her. She had known the worst at once. "He is dead!" she said, quietly. "He is dead!" for she remembered those last words. It was she who had done it—she, with her paltry mad whim of passion and vanity.

It was on Tuesday night that the bridge fell. Thursday, Friday passed without tidings. She asked no questions; sat quite still in her own room, with dry, tearless eyes. When her mother moved softly about her, caressing her, was the only time she would speak. "I loved him, mother," she would say. "Do you think he knows now that I loved him?"

"Keep up heart, child. John will come back."

But Lizzy did not seem to hear her; went back to her vacant staring out of the window at the glassy surface of the water, under which he was lying. "I loved him," she would say, nodding to herself.

She knew it now—now, when it was too late. Forbes, the old village doctor, came to see her; looked at her set lips and distended eyes.

"There is danger," he told her mother and the women when he came out. "You women have a knack of bringing the tears—try and bring them."

They began, therefore, to talk of John before her; of how the whole country side was mourning for him as the man that could least be spared; of his generosity, his honor, his strong judgment, and then, with bated breath, of his love for her. She looked at them without answer. Who knew what manner of man he was as she knew it? No one but she knew how noble and great was the life that she had cut short with her weak, murderous hand.

She thought, if he could but know that in her soul she had never been false to him, that it was but the mad folly of a moment which drew her from him, that he would forgive her; that, dead, he would be generous, as he had been in life. If her voice could pierce heaven, and reach him where he stood!

"I love you, John," she cried. But only her lips moved. Those who stood nearest her heard not a sound. They caught her in their arms, and laid her like one dead on the bed.

"He may come back," they said, thinking she could hear.

But in the village there was no hope. The men, with Mr. Woods at their head, had been dragging the creek, and firing a cannon over the water, in the hope of recovering the body. Late in the afternoon, the women about Lizzy saw a sudden confusion in the crowd of men and boys down on the bank. There was a running and hurrying together.

"They have found it," they whispered, shuddering, to each other—and one after another went noiselessly out of the room.

But it was only a hat which had been dragged out of the water—a brown felt hat, which they all knew at once.

Old Mr. Woods took it up, and brushed the clotted mud off it as tenderly as though it had been the dead man's face he touched.

"There's his name in his own hand, bold enough—John Melvin!" laying it down. "Sure enough! the man that wrote that is under the water, boys. Merciful God! Here's Lizzy!"

They all drew back as the girl came through the crowd, and knelt down by the hat. She did not touch it, but stooped over it, as though it brought her closer to the dead man, and then she burst into a low sobbing, which brought tears to the eyes of even the men.

Suddenly there was a quick motion in the crowd about her, cries, an oath

or two, and a loud, cheerful voice exclaiming:

"Where? Why, to see about Brooks' Alderney heifer, to be sure. Then we went over to the county fair. Yes, that's my old hat; it blew into the creek as I crossed the ford. Why, Lizzy, child!" and he picked her up and carried her like a baby into the house, holding her close to his breast, and when they were inside, kissing the wet, pale face passionately enough to satisfy even her.

"But you were angry with me, John? I thought you had gone to the bridge, meaning to die there!"

"Bless my soul, Lizzy! Do you take me for a fool? What would I die for? No; I wanted to see Brooks about the heifer, and went to tell you; but you were out of sorts that evening, and I let my temper get the better of me. So I thought I'd better stay away a day or two until we had both cooled off. Besides, I knew there would be some merino ewes at that fair worth seeing. I'm not sorry for this mistake," he added, after a moment. "I never would have known how you love me, if you had not thought me dead."

"No, neither am I sorry," said Elizabeth, quietly.

A day or two after, John said, "Where is that little scribbling chap who was at Merrill's?"

"I don't know. I had quite forgotten him," answered Lizzy, which was quite true

That evening, however, she received a large yellow envelope with two or three columns of newspaper-cuttings inclosed. She read them, growing angrily red.

"What is it Lizzy?" asked John," who was watching her.

"Does that mean me?" the tears of mortification standing in her eyes.

"By George!, here's the whole story! 'Pathetic incident—idyl of innocent love, broken in upon by Death's mournful summons. Village damsel—fair, ignorant, uncultured, save in the art of love—the manly Strephon for this Chloe!,' It's certainly you, Lizzy, for here is your name in full. But your friend must have left before the end, for here is a full account of the finding of my body, and a description of you insensible upon the sands beside it. I wonder he left you alive. Here is a note—did you see?"

Lizzy read it.

"My dear Miss Woods—You will perceive that I have exerted the descriptive powers, which you were so kind as to approve, in your behalf. The story possessed fine elements for a sensational sketch, and I willingly exerted myself to make it as complete as possible for you, feeling only too happy that I was able to return the pleasure which the hours passed in your society gave me.

Yours faithfully,

BENJAMIN HANLON.

"P.S.—Necessarily, the sketch is not quite literal. I took the liberty of bringing Mr. Melvin's body to shore instead of his hat. We artists have our privileges, you know. I am most happy, for your sake, that it was the hat only which the waters drank down to muddy death. My wife, to whom I told the story, offers her good wishes with mine to both him and you."

"Not a bad fellow, I take it. But half-witted, I suppose, Lizzy?"

"One of the vainest, weakest men that ever lived," cried Elizabeth, vehemently. "The very thought of the man disgusts me."

AT THE HACIENDA DE SAN LUIS

In the Heart of Old Mexico

By Don Salvador Castello Carreras

Mexican Consul General

Translated by Carlos A. Butlin, Director General of Telegraphs, Barcelona

Illustrated from Photographs

EDITOR'S NOTE—*In the autumn of* 1910 *a party of Canadians, Mexicans and Spaniards went into the heart of Old Mexico after the fashion of the early explorers, and with not much better facilities of travel. The party was landlooking through a country rich in resources, but undeveloped to a degree, and the story of their adventures by boat and pack-train as set down here by Don Salvador Castello Carreras reads like an ancient chronicle of some venturesome Columbus in search of Cipango and Cathay. As a landseeking expedition, its success or failure is of no interest to us, and is not considered in this chronicle, but in the eyes of Don Salvador the journey at least did not lack romance. Guerrero, the state into which they penetrated, was a country*

calculated to tax both strength and courage, reachable only after a long traverse of a treacherous river in a boat propelled by native oarsmen, and thereafter by a horseback journey; and the audacity of such men as Colonel A. D. Davidson, of Toronto, and his companions in attempting a trip of this kind smacks of the spirit that sent stout John Cabot out in a cockle-shell from Bristol some centuries ago. When one thinks of Colonel Davidson, millionaire associate of Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, one instinctively visualizes him in a luxurious office, rather than among the rocks and rapids of "Little Hell." And yet, as a matter of fact, he has never been one to favor upholstered ease, and you will more often find his stocky figure on the firing line with his men in the West, than at his Toronto desk. It is this side of him that Don Salvador shows us here. Indeed in the party were no "lads with the wine of adventure still red to them"—all of them were steady, successful Canadian business men, like McBain and like Field. Yet for once they seem to have thrown off the sober dignity of their wont and taken a venturesome holiday among the rocks and rapids of strange rivers. Where probably no Canadians and few Saxons have gone, they went and the story of their travels is set down hereinafter by a faithful chronicler. Says the author:

"These notes, while written by a member of the expedition led by Colonel Andrew D. Davidson to the state of Guerrero, Mexico, in 1910, with the object of considering its value in regard to its fertility and natural resources and also the advantages it affords for colonization by Europeans, do not attempt to give more than a picturesque account of a trip not lacking in adventure and excitement. While I took my place with the party as a chronicler merely, I naturally beheld the commercial resources of the region we traversed, and perhaps was not unable to estimate their advantages and disadvantages. But let these pass, and be it mine to chronicle our journey as a journey only, a succession of delights encountered and difficulties endured."

ON the morning of Saturday the 17th September, 1910, at seven-thirty, the Buena Vista station of Mexico City presented an animated aspect. Big vans discharged an arsenal of provisions, harness, saddles and tents which were soon stocked away in the luggage vans and after saluting our chief, Col. A. D. Davidson, who had just arrived, we took our seats in the Pullman car awaiting the classical cry of "Vamonos" (let us start) which was not long in being uttered by the conductor and the rhythmic, ringing of the locomotive bell announced to us that we were on the way.

The nucleus of the party was formed of Colonel Andrew D. Davidson, his collaborator, Mr. Lewis Lukes, Senor Licenciado Ibarra, Messrs. John Lee Stark and William C. Bond, engineers, Messrs. E. A. Field and William McBain, Canadian experts, and your humble servant.

We were accompanied part of the way by the brothers Don Jose' Maria and Don Vicente Ortiz, both mining engineers and owners of the Campo Morado, and by Mr. Marion L. Thomas also a mining engineer in the service of said gentlemen.

As most indispensable details of the expedition we also had with us a French cook with his scullion. The staff of guides and servants were to be contracted for en route.

Everywhere along our journey the landscape was dotted with miserable cabins or huts at the doors of which appeared Indians of bronzed complexion and black hair, descendants still of that powerful Azteca race which so often offered resistance to and even defeated the armies of the Great Cortes and were only subdued at the cost of their tenacity and the sacrifice of thousands of lives lost on the battle-field before the ultimate conquest of the Anahuac. (Anahuac was the name given to the Valley of Mexico by the Aztecas).

As the day passed, and we climbed steadily, the effects of the altitude we had gained began to be felt, we now being several hundred metres above

the 2,200 which is the elevation of the Valley. The delightful sensation of the *summer cold* was however compensated by the splendor of the tropical sun which shed its brilliant rays over that beautiful panorama bringing into relief its incomparable beauties. The locomotive puffing heavily took us little by little up to "La Cima" (the summit) the highest point of the railway line and where we had to say goodbye to the Capital.

From this same point, Herman Cortes saw the Gran Tinoxtitlan (the Gran Tinoxtitlan was the capital of the Azteca Empire, now the City of Mexico) for the first time when, after establishing his camp in Cuernavaca, he resolved to strike the first blow at the Capital of the Azteca Empire and head his forces to the Anahuac.

After running a few kilometres along the range and towards the West, the plains of Tierra Templada (Temperate Zone) came into view, and at the foot of the Ajusco we caught sight of the town of Cuernavaca, the historic place where the Hero of the Conquest pitched his camp, and which preserves so many memories of the time of Maximilian.

While the engine-driver was launching us giddily down the rapid decline which leads to the Valley of Morelos, the panorama was becoming every moment more interesting.

Following upon the arid appearance of the Ajusco, the vegetation of which was one day destroyed to the root by the torrents of lava, we now enjoyed the view of quite a different thing, a vegetation extremely exuberant with delicate tropical plants, the exquisite perfume from which we were perceiving in all its fragrance.

It was a little after noon when the train resumed its progress and the change in temperature became now so extreme that from the cool of the morning we passed to a temperature hardly less than insupportable. Within the space of a little over four hours we had ascended quite 3,000 metres, descending rapidly to 1,000 and the warmth was such as to heat the carriages, the sun penetrating to our seats.

As the heat continued to make itself felt several of our friends became sleepy, reclining in their seats, but I, absorbed in the contemplation of new lands, remained wide-awake and in rapture beside the window. It was then that I perceived the presence at the extreme end of the compartment of two passengers unknown to me and to all appearances artisans and Europeans. Both appeared to be inclined not to leave the train until the terminus was reached. Senor Ibarra told me that they were the French cook, contracted by him, and his scullion. The cook responded to the name of Emile and I addressed him in his own tongue to find out what elements of food he disposed of. In a few moments my knowledge of the language of Moliere facilitated this information and during a very interesting conversation I got to know all details as to the food, wines and liquors our *cordon bleu* intended to regale us with.

The silence of the scullion, a boy to all appearances between eighteen and twenty years of age, attracted my attention.

"Is that your assistant ?" asked I of Emile, pointing to the boy.

"Yes, sir," he replied, somewhat uneasy to see how my eyes were fixed on the object of our talk.

"Is he French, like you ?" I continued.

"No, sir, Spanish," he answered.

"Why, man, how glad I am—but what has he on his head to cause him to wear his handkerchief like a muleteer ?" I remarked.

"I don't know why," answered Emile.

I then addressed myself to the boy only getting vague and hesitating replies to my queries. My curiosity being now fully aroused I continued to question him about his journey to Mexico and he told me that while in Havana he became acquainted with the cook who offered to teach him his profession and for this reason he accompanied him everywhere he went. His voice and manners created certain suspicions in my mind which, as the reader will see later on, were not unfounded.

At four in the afternoon we slowed

down and the sound of the bell announced that we were arriving at Iguala. No one who has read Mexican history particularly in regard to the nineteenth century, will ignore that Iguala was the place where the armies of Iturbide and Guerrero sealed the famous pact, forming the basis of the patriotic *Plan* which subscribed to later by O'Donoju, the last of the Spanish Viceroys, at the Treaty of Cordoba, put an end to the war of Independence, independence being declared under the Crown of Fernando VII. or of someone of the princes of his blood who desired to go over to Mexico to govern as an independent sovereign. The *Plan of Iguala* of the three guarantees (Religion, Union, Independence) supported by the army, sealed the peace between Mexicans and Spaniards on the twenty-first of February, 1821. The ambitions of Iturbide, who later proclaimed himself Emperor of the Mexicans, caused his death and the institution of the form of Republican Government. In Iguala the Epopee of the Mexican Independence came to an end, an epopee the prologue to which Hidalgo wrote with his blood after the patriotic "*Grito de Dolores.*"

A great part of the city having been destroyed by the earthquake of 1907 which demolished its most celebrated edifices, it is reduced to-day to a town of the third order with a population of only 1,200 and its movement limited to what is provided by the travellers who stop there to go on to Chilpancingo, the capital of the state, to Taxco and to other places in the Sierra Madre, which are connected to Iguala by narrow winding roads impossible for vehicular traffic; the exception is the road to Chilpancingo recently opened and adequate for carriage transit.

As our route was directed to Balsas, the terminus of the line, we had still two hours more to travel, so, without incident and as the setting sun reddened the summits of the neighboring mountains, we advanced through the glen called "La Mano Muerta" (the dead hand) and through other defiles, arriving by night-fall at the Balsas station, the objective of the first day. In reality Balsas has no railway station. A wooden hut serves for such a building and without the shed erected by Messrs. Ortiz, proprietors of the mines of "Campo Morado" for use as a warehouse, we should have been obliged to pass that night already in camp.

As the moon commenced to throw its silvery rays across the village, I wandered towards the bridge from which I contemplated the rushing waters and to which, the next day, we were going to confide our lot. The violence of the current and the enormous quantity of water impressed me with, if not fear, at least certain respect. Just by the station there is a soi disant restaurant kept by Chinamen, like the majority of these establishments to be found along the railways of the country. So that Emile should not have to exercise his functions that night, we ordered our supper at the restaurant. While the children of the "celestial Empire" were giving a last touch to their insipid victuals, some of the excursionists lay down on the floor and others, including your humble servant, walked toward the "rancheria." I hardly dare to give another name to that collection of miserable huts from which the squeaky and plaintive tones of a bad phonograph reached our ears. Our path was encumbered by a multitude of pigs running about here and there, as we entered a narrow lane which led us to the square, of such a strange aspect that I became deeply impressed. Numerous oil and petroleum lamps, placed on tables or on the ground, illuminated the scene which was typical and original to the extreme. One would have thought that we had been led into a legendary bandit's lair.

The square as well as the many canteens and "pulquerias" (shops where pulque and alcoholic drinks are sold) were extraordinarly crowded. It being Saturday night and consequently "raya day" (dia de raya in Mexico means pay day) the Indians had money to spend and were wasting the fruit of their labors. Lined up along the houses ragged and dirty women with loose hair were hawking all kinds of Indian confectionery badly elaborated by themselves. Others, sitting Indian fashion or half stretched on the ground,

were crying out other wares for sale, among them water melons and pumpkins. Some also sold syrups and liquors. The majority were hawking *clotes*, *enchiladas*, *tamales* and *taquitos* (names of various articles of food based on maize and capsicum.)

and sprinkled them with various syrups according to the taste of the consumer. It was a kind of granulated ice cream easily prepared and to judge by the great number of customers and the relish with which they gobbled it down, it ought not to be a bad sort of

"OUR BRAVE FLORA", THE HEROINE OF THE EXPEDITION

THREE MEXICAN TYPES IN THE SQUARE OF COYUCA DE CATALAN

Among them all, one woman especially attracted my attention for the originality of the articles she offered for sale. Upon a table she had a bar of ice, upon which she scraped with a steel instrument, and producing a kind of ice shavings, put these into a plate

thing. If the surroundings had not been so dirty I might have been tempted to taste it myself. In the centre of the square an Indian somewhat past middle age and covered with his typical "sarape" (a kind of shawl) as if he were in full winter time (we were perspiring in

our shirt sleeves) was sitting near one of the phonographs from which hung several acoustic tubes which the customer applied to his ears to better hear the sounds in the open air notwithstanding the terrific noise. His clients were children of the place who appeared to be enchanted with the amusement. Surely the famous Edison had not thought that his invention would find its way even to the "rancherias" of Guerrero. At another corner of the square we noticed a crowd of men and women around a very fat and black woman seated at a table covered with playing cards, upon which the players placed their bets and more often lost than won. Near by, a primitive kind of roulette was in full swing. Such a manifestation of vice among such poor people seemed to me much more abominable than the gambling in aristocratic circles.

I have still to mention the noisy billiard tables in the numerous canteens where the collision of cue and ball were confounded with the "tac" of the dice and the sound of money falling on the tables. The spectacle was becoming repugnant and I was surprised to see so much vice rooted among people so primitive and simple. Order, nevertheless, was perfect, thanks to the natural culture of the Indians and to the vigilance of a big fellow, also an Indian, who, armed with a big stick, authoritatively walked up and down on the lookout for the least sign of trouble. He was the policeman of the place.

"Good-evening, Don Jose Maria," was his greeting to our friend Ortiz. "I want to speak with you."

"EL CENTENARIO," THE BOAT TO WHICH WE LATER TRUSTED OURSELVES IN THE CURRENT OF THE TREACHEROUS BALSAS RIVER

"What is the matter ?" asked Ortiz, tendering his hand which the Indian grasped, at the same time raising the other to his hat.

"Sir," he explained "I have just detained a young woman, who, dressed as a man, says she came with you from Mexico. As I don't believe her and it may be she has fled from the Capital under disguise, I have detained her at the station until you have seen her."

"A woman with us ?" exclaimed Don Jose Maria, interrogating me with his look as if I knew something about it.

"Yes, sir," replied the Indian, "I had

my suspicions and I was not deceived. Perhaps——?"

"Yes," I joined in, "the scullion has turned out to be a woman. I presumed it in the train but I could not be sure of it."

What an adventure," ejaculated Don Jose. "Let us go and see her," and we all followed him to the station where the delinquent was held up. "I am a Spanish woman," she declared. "My name is Flora; I accompany Emile and I could not remain alone in Mexico. He wanted a scullion and could wish for no one better than I for such work and besides I can also be of use to you gentlemen for washing and mending your clothes. I dressed like a man so that I should not be dismissed if discovered at the station and in this way I can ride a horse and follow you everywhere. I am young and strong and you may have no fear of me being in the way." The poor girl was almost crying while speaking thus.

The Colonel being informed of the case, decided to retain her services and the intrepid girl was set free. The truth is that it was impossible to act otherwise, as if we had turned her away, we should have been left without our cook and that would have been a great affliction which interested everybody to avoid.

Our supper, although not very tasty, at least engaged our attention for an hour, after which we smoked our cigars and wandered along the line in the full moonlight of a September evening. We presently retired to the warehouse or shed, where the kindness of Messrs. Ortiz provided us with trestle beds, and very soon each individual had accommodated himself to the best of his ability.

A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF CROSSING RIVERS NEAR COYUCA DE CATALAN. FORTUNATELY THE STREAM IS NOT DEEP AT THIS POINT

The heat continued to be intolerable and we had to leave the door open. When the lamp had been extinguished there commenced for me an unexpected nightmare. On the one hand the shouts of the Indians and the noise of the phonographs would not let me get a wink of sleep, and on the other, from time to time my attention was attracted by some luminous and phosphorescent specks which, now on the roof, now in

proximity to my nose, came and went, continually changing their places. The phenomenon was strange and for some time I attributed it to the effects of the heat, even getting the idea that they were "wills o' the wisp," but I eventually came to the conclusion that they were glow-worms or luminous flies whose wings become phosphorescent with friction. The fear of them stinging me and the buzzing of the mosquitoes which flew in constantly through the door, had the effect of completely upsetting my rest. For over two hours did I turn over and over in my narrow trestle bed, all idea of sleep having now completely abandoned me. When Morpheus did eventually tempt me into a sort of slumber, the loud report of a thunder-clap made me sit up in bed to find that the moon had disappeared and it was commencing to rain.

The storm came in a few moments. As we were at the end of the rainy season such an unexpected rainstorm was not to be marvelled at. Strong gusts of wind penetrated the shed, the lightning became more vivid than ever, and the thunder rolled and rolled a hundred times over repeated by the echoes of the neighboring mountains. The water fell in torrents, and, hitting against the leaden roof of the shed, produced such noise that I began to fear it would fall in. I then resolved to get up and thus be prepared for any event. Meanwhile my companions appeared not to be affected in the least and slept on quite peacefully. If any of them moved it was to turn over and improve his position. How I envied them all. It was a long time before the storm abated, the thunder resounded farther away, the rain ceased and the sky becoming clearer, allowed the moon to reappear. The temperature had now greatly descended and the dampness even appeared to me agreeable. Fatigue at last overcame my excited spirit, my eyes closed and I ultimately sank into oblivion.

ON THE RIVER BALSAS.

At the break of day we were all up and dressed and at seven o'clock we occupied our seats in the launch, christened "El Centenario" (The Centenary), in charge of the mulatto Pancho Andiar and his four rowers. The baggage and tents we placed in another launch. These boats were a kind of punt, shaping to a point at the prow and square at the stern. The shallowness of the channel at some points exact such conditions for navigation in that river. "The Centenario" was large enough for some thirty persons, more or less huddled together, so that we had plenty of room. To accommodate the boat to the exigencies of the voyage the following distribution was made—at the prow the kitchen was installed, where also the pilot and his men were quartered. From halfway to the stern was reserved for the passengers. Along the sides, stools and camp chairs had their place, and room was also found for a folding table. The cooking-stove was sufficiently large for preparing the most complicated dishes and a good oven forming part of the installation ensured us of never-failing daily bread. A canvas covering protected us from the sun and the poles supporting this came in useful for pegs.

Failing an automotor and boilers, the boats had to glide impulsed by the current, the rowers only having to maintain equilibrium and steer by means of their blades which they used like oars. Everybody having boarded the launch, breakfast was served and the Colonel giving orders to let go we confided our lot from that moment to the muddy waters of the Balsas, which, owing to the rain of the previous night, had an imposing effect.

The Balsas is one of the most important rivers of Mexico crossing the states of Morelos and Quenoro, and having many tributary streams. The strength of the current varies. It is sometimes slow and at others so rapid that it would appear most difficult to navigate it. The breadth varies between thirty and one hundred and fifty metres and its normal depth is some three metres, but this reaches six at some points. If it were not for the narrow stretch called "El Infiernillo" (The little hell), a place which the reader will be acquainted with in due course, the river would be navigable from the Balsas Bridge down to the sea, at least for light draft

boats, and with a few locks along the route it might be accessible to small steam or gasoline launches. This would facilitate the return journey, now impossible because the boats which descend the river can only return by haulage from the banks, and at times with the help of the Indians, who, waist-deep in water, have to push them along.

As soon as the ropes were let go we sat down to honor the good breakfast prepared by Emile. With ham, eggs, coffee and milk and fruit, we acquired sufficient strength to carry us on to lunch time.

What a fine view did the Balsas and its banks present to us at that moment —the latter were covered with splendid vegetation, the weeping willows shed their branches right down to the water and the *seringuanicos* in full white bloom looked like bushes upon which snow had set, forming a contrast now and again from the red and orange-colored flowers of the *Sangre de toro*. The *naisabas*, the *maunchiles* and the *capires*, interlaced their branches with those of the *trenos*, the *espinos* and the *perotas*. From time to time our attention was attracted on both sides by a large maize field and meadows of an enchanting green color, which extended to the slopes of the Sierra mountains through which we were passing. Frequently we came across boats struggling against the current and pulled along by vigorous Indians who had the utmost difficulty in overcoming the impetuous waters. The pilot always remained on board, steering by means of a long pole. At every meeting an interesting colloquy was maintained by both pilots by means of a special kind of telegraphy—every knock given with the fist upon the casing of the prow emitted a preconcerted sound which the water transmitted and which the receiver responded to in the same manner, thus showing he understood, but without uttering a single word. It is truly wireless telegraphy without the aid of electric current or apparatus. The system is undoubtedly as ancient as the Azteca race whose origin is lost among the nebulosity of the New Continent.

At about ten o'clock a cry of "Alerta" by one of the rowers made us take up our rifles, which were always ready, and at that moment we sighted a fine specimen of alligator. "Alligator"—whispered the Canadians at the same time aiming at the sleepy reptile. There was a loud report and the alligator gave a spring and fell on its back mortally wounded. The riflemen were still aiming, when this occurred, and on looking round, we noticed the young engineer, Mr. Thomas, who smilingly and calmly was engaged in taking out the spent cartridge from the revolver he had just fired. The distance at which he fired was not less than thirty metres, proving a steady hand, and the deed earned for him a hearty "hurrah" from all of us. The speed at which we were going at that moment did not permit us to pick up the carcass and it was well we did not for it was not good policy to load ourselves up just at the beginning of our journey. I in turn amused myself shooting at the storks which were flying about over our heads. The heat was great and the canvas awning was not sufficient to protect us from the strong rays of the sun. Our "cantiniere" had not one moment of repose supplying us with lemonade, beer, and other cool drinks, which we welcomed as may be imagined. At many points violent depressions of the land originated rapids of more or less force which the boatmen negotiated with singular ability, keeping a straight bottom and steering through the places of less danger. On that day alone and in the space of eight hours we had to undergo this manoeuvre fifty-six times and very often the water got into the launch giving us a corresponding good wetting.

At noon our lunch consisted of consomme, ham and meat, and for dessert we had cheese and oranges. As we were sipping our coffee—it will be seen that no comfort of any kind was wanting—we were reminded that we were reaching the end of the day's journey. In eight hours we had descended eighty kilometres of the river.

At last the "Centenario" came to a stop at Pezoapa, a small place or "rancheria" (a collection of huts) where the mining company of Campo

Morado have an agent who attends to the various services inherent to the business there, including the management of more than sixty boats for the traffic service established. Here we found the necessary animals which were to be employed for the journey through the Sierra Madre to the mines.

Colonel Davidson then disposed that the expedition be divided into two groups, the one comprising himself, Mr. Lukes, Mr. Field, Senor Licenciade Ibarra, Mr. Thomas and myself who with them was to be a guest of Messrs. Ortiz at Campo Morado. The other group was composed of Messrs. McBain, Lee Stark and Bond, with whom we left the cooks, to attend to them, during the two days of our separation. This party had orders to take to the river next day and descend as far as Santo Tomas where we were to join again.

It is not the purpose of this narrator to chronicle our expedition to Campo Morado. It was a deviation from our path, on which we learned much about the mines of our friends, the Messrs. Ortiz, and on which we had our first experience of real thirst. But nothing of an exciting nature occurred, and we will therefore transport the reader to our camp at Santo Tomas, where he will please to assume that our party once more complete, is preparing to go on board the "Centario" once more.

FROM SANTO TOMAS TO COYUCA DE CATALAN.

At dawn, our camp was broken up, the operation only lasting half an hour. Emile had prepared for us a good substantial breakfast, which Flora served with her usual refinement. Before seven o'clock struck everything was ready and packed away on board the "Centenario" which was let go and we were off.

The day's journey was likely to be very arduous, as right from daybreak the heat was unbearable. Thanks to the awning and to a curtain which not without some difficulty I was able to hang up at the stern to protect us from the sun which was burning on our backs, we mitigated the effects, but the atmosphere was so suffocating and the river so deep that not an atom of air was circulating. Half way through the morning we resumed shooting at alligators which in great numbers were sleeping by the shore. Some fell amid acclamations to Lee Stark who hardly missed a shot. One of these reptiles was captured and, tied to the stern, was towed by us to the end of the day's journey.

Now and again we met with an iguana which, fastened to the rocks, hastened to conceal itself on our approach. In spite of this several fell under the true shots of the Canadians. I gave my attention to the herons, my weapon being the only small shot gun in the party and consequently the only one to ensure good shooting at birds. The plumage was beautiful, the whole body pure white and the primary feathers of the wings black. The herons of America are more like storks and with their wings extended some of them measure over a metre and a half and from the ease with which they fly about they make a truly tempting target.

More favored as we progressed, we met with numbers of wild ducks; the American species smaller than those of Europe and of rather a greyish or black and white color. As the presence of the boats was perceived by them at some distance, they rose too far away for me to show off my abilities. On the other hand, McBain and Lee Stark brought down herons with ball shot. From time to time, the Colonel ordered a stop to be made for reconnoitring the land from some of the slopes near to the river-bank. From these points we were able to appreciate the value of the lands, and admire the plains which we could descry between the mountains which we were gradually leaving behind. The landscape was changing every hour. At times the view was simply enchanting, receiving some life from the movement of the water and of the luggage launch which was following us. We were now a good way from the "*Cerro del Gallo*," and could contemplate the "*Cerro del Olvido*," and a little farther on the "*Cerro del Aquila*," one of the most prominent of the Sierra Madre peaks in that district.

Lunch that day was not a great suc-

cess as Emile did not possess all the elements he required. Soup, ham and eggs, a few onions (of which the Colonel is very fond) and fruit were the best he could do for us. The hope of a good dinner at Coyuca de Catalan inspired us to make the best of such a frugal meal. The vegetation on either bank was becoming at every moment more varied and exuberant. During more than four hours we advanced between these lovely banks and on either side we had what formed a rich mining district. On the right the silver and mercury

WHEN WE APPROACHED A TOWN THE WHOLE POPULATION GENERALLY TURNED OUT TO GREET US

mines of Arcelia and Santa Ana—to the left and parallel to the former, the silver mines of Balcon, and others of gold, disseminated in the Guerrero region and not far from where we were. It is a great pity that, due to the scarcity of roads and means of transport, these riches have to be hardly less than abandoned.

Colonel Davidson and Mr. Lukes considered it suitable to camp near the confluence of the Balsas and El Guirio rivers, which offered a good point of observation on the Michoacan side, and he gave orders to the master of the launch to stop at the first possible place. At times on account of the force of the current, at others for the want of boughs to which to fasten the launch, and again at others because the master was not disposed to do so, we traveled onward until Coyuca de Catalan came into view, a town with a decent population and the capital or political headship of the district of Mina. Here the famous hero of the War of Independence was born, the town being named after him. Our pilot was also born here and now we could explain his manoeuvring with regard to the choice of a suitable stopping place. Naturally he preferred to pass the night among his old friends.

Fortunately the town of Coyuca is situated on a prominence from which the river is perfectly dominated and so we had lost no advantage in what referred to the work of exploration planned by our Chief.

Our arrival and the fixing up of the tents attracted the attention of the whole town who turned out greeting us

with natural curiosity. The Licenciado Lugo and the engineer Nolty were here presented to the Colonel and these gentlemen, experts as regards to knowledge of the district, supplied us with valuable information. With the plan of the country drawn up by Mr. Thomas before us, a council of experts was held, during which much was discussed, and the conclusion was come to that these fertile lands were excellent for the possibility of converting them into vast irrigable fields. The circumstance of Coyuca having a telegraph station permitted us to get into contact with the engineer Favila who, sent on from Mexico by Senor Ibarra, was three days ahead of us with the object of collecting the necessary animals for our progress along the coast. As at first it was proposed to disembark at Balsas de Abajo and afterwards the itinerary was changed and it was decided to follow the river right along to its mouth. The necessary instructions were telegraphed to Senor Favila to await our arrival at the river-mouth and at the Hacienda of the Licenciade Lopez who accompanied him.

At Coyuca I replenished my camera, but not without some difficulty, as for want of a dark room I had to practise the operation of changing the plates in one of the Government offices. The clerks did not know what to make of it, and seeing me shut myself in the room, must have suspected that I was a spy, who, with the excuse of changing plates, was going to spy into the archives. Emile also replenished his pantry and took in provisions for two days. The beer and lemonade had all gone, so we acquired a case of each. I helped Emile to an extent by purchasing some pullets and chickens and even a sucking pig, which brought upon my head the imprecations of all as I, being ignorant of the filth these animals eat in this country, thought I was going to give my companions a pleasant surprise, but they would have nothing to do with it at all. On purchasing these animals I was surprised at the cheapness of such commodities in these parts. The pullets and chickens cost me six centavos of a Mexican dollar, or twenty centimos of a peseta, and the sucking pig, six weeks old, cost me one dollar, equivalent to about three pesetas.

In Coyuca we heard speak of the disease called *pinto* for the first time. Pinto is an epidemic complaint in this region and has also extended to other parts of the country. It consists of the skin becoming covered with spots. Among the colored people these are white, and if the attacked person be a white man they are bluish. It appears that only natives are attacked, but there are cases where white people, and even Europeans, have contracted the disease. Sometimes the sight of a sick person produces great repugnance, the spots being so thick as to give one the idea of a tattooed skin. Contagion of this disease is so feared that in the Mexican army special regiments of attacked soldiers have been formed to the exclusion of healthy men. It is also inherited, this being the origin generally of the ailment. In some villages of the State of Guerrero you will hardly find a single person unattacked, but on the other hand it is very rare to register a case along the Pacific Coast. Apart from the bad effect produced by the sight of a sufferer from pinto, as it is a cutaneous affection, the general organism does not suffer and the illness has no disagreeable consequences. I have seen old men of eighty years who have suffered from it since their childhood.

For the rest, the Indian race in these parts is of an arrogant type. The features and color are much less pronounced than in the Valley of Mexico and the woman is less ugly, some even possessing quite correct lineaments. I remember holding in my arms a naked child, three years old, called Abistano, who was really a splendid type of the race.

We encamped on the bank of the river in a spacious meadow. Night having now come upon us, we went on board our *frigate* to dinner, our *cordon bleu* having in such a short space of time prepared for us some really relishing dishes.

After dinner each one retired to his tent and shortly complete silence reigned over the camp.

To be continued.

HORSES HAUL THE LOGS TO THE SKIDWAYS AND THENCE AN ICE LOCOMOTIVE CARRIES THEM TO THE NEAREST WATERWAY

The City of Silver Saws

By John S. Woodward

Illustrated from Photographs

RIVER street is long and tree-fringed and gracefully curved high above the silver of the North Saskatchewan, and on it romance walks abroad.

Prince Albert, however, is prouder of her growth than of her romance, and being an optimistic western city, quite naturally protests against this view of it. In the year ending March 31st, 1912, they tell you, there were 2096 homestead entries. Property on the main street sells at over $1,000 a front foot, although considering the growth of the city, prices are still very low. La Colle Falls, they continue, is now being developed, and when the big million dollar power scheme is completed, Prince Albert manufacturers will have electrical energy at less than $25.00 per horse power per year. The wheat that won the world's prize in

New York in 1911—65½ pounds to the bushel, 75 bushels to the acre—was grown on soil near Prince Albert. One lumber mill in the city ships twenty-five carloads of lumber per day; another turns out 50,000,000 feet of lumber and 15,000,000 feet of lath per year. These are the things that the city fathers will tell you. Romance? Tush!

Time was, though, when Prince Albert was a lumberjack's town, and not one of the least striking things about the city's development is the broadening of its interests and the consequent change in the city's character. Not long ago the screaming crescendo of the saw cutting through huge logs—"Hr-r-r-een!"—was the only voice of the city, and you smelt the clean scent of sawdust in its thoroughfares. It is still the dominant voice, for Prince Albert supplies the lumber for the new towns of half the western provinces; but there are other voices, too, and there are no longer big doings in town when the shantymen of the timber limits get paid off and come to town after a three days' diet of salt to get up the requisite thirst. The country tributary to the city has opened up, and you will find the lumberjack to-day a peaceful citizen in a hurry to get back to his farm after a winter's work with the peavey, rather than the fighting, whiskey-drinking bully of former days.

But the romance is there, nevertheless. To-day, as you walk down River Street on a bright spring morning, you may perhaps see a tall, slim-built man moving springily along as if life set light on his shoulders. Early in March his attire is perhaps a bit careless, his Christy hat tilted at a rakish angle, his cigar sloping upwards to meet it, his beard luxuriant. Later in the season, he would do credit to Bond Street, and the whiskers are a neat Vandyke. Ask who he is, and they will tell you that he is Ernie Gardner, King of the Lumberjacks, and also they will add that he represents a fast-disappearing type. By reason of his physical strength he was made king, which is why kings have been chosen from time immemorial; and by reason of his shrewd adaptability to changing conditions he remains king, which hasn't always followed, if history speaks truth. At all events, there is no question as to his monarchy. Stories innumerable are told of him in the good old days when the recalcitrant swamper or driver fell foul of the boss and repented of it, many of these encounters being handed down in Homeric story and song from generation to generation of lumberjacks around the bunkhouse stove; and stories there are of him to-day, generally told by the mill superintendents and managers, in which his shrewdness has won him more than one bloodless victory.

But times are changing, and you would never have guessed the hero from seeing him casually on River Street. Gone are the good old days when he was the admired of his companions who could blow in his roll in the shortest time after striking town. No more do the boys hand over their winter's wage to the barkeeper with the request that they be supplied with "booze" until it is all gone. No more does Prince Albert, wakened by shoutings and song in the cool spring night, turn over and realize that the "jacks" have come to town. That era is at an end.

But the business of lumbering, systematized and practical as it has come to be, is no less picturesque. The timber in the Prince Albert region is mostly spruce, with a little tamarac, the average diameter of the wood cut being about fourteen inches at the stump. The lumber put out by Prince Albert compares very favorably with the harder woods found in other lumbering districts of the Dominion, and can be used for practically every commercial purpose when manufactured. About the middle of October the lumber companies hire their men and get in their winter supplies. The first snowfall gives the date for hauling the cut logs by horse draught to the skidways, where they are picked up by the ice locomotive, which takes them to the nearest water way where they are dumped and left till spring when the ice melts and the drives begin. "Driving" consists in floating the timber

THE MEN WHO GET OUT THE LOGS, AND THE ICE LOCOMOTIVE THAT HAULS THEM TO THE RIVER. THESE MEN ARE PARTLY PROFESSIONAL LUMBERJACKS, BUT THE GREATER PART OF THEM ARE HOMESTEADERS WHO SPEND THEIR WINTERS IN THE WOODS, RETURNING TO THEIR FARMS AS SOON AS THE BREAK-UP COMES

down stream, the drivers with calked boots keeping the raft on the move until the river becomes wide enough for the formation of rafts. Raftsmen then bring this conglomeration of tumbling logs into some sort of order and form rafts consisting of two or three thousand logs which are then towed down to wherever the sawmill carries out its wonderful work of reducing the great rough timbers to mathematically accurate pieces of finished wood ready for the manufacturer and builder.

This generally means to Prince Albert, where the Prince Albert Lumber Company, the Big River Lumber Company, and other mills await the giant logs. "Dangerous! Persons entering do so at their own risk!" says the sign outside the mill door. But disregard it for once, and step inside boldly. Stand on the unstable platform over the shrieking, snarling, shooting carriers that flash to and fro and cut the heart out of a big log in the flicker of an eyelash, and if the men that ride them are careless for half a second snap them off like bugs. Stand a little nearer the river, too, and watch the ugly black hands of the giant who guides the blundering logs to the mercy of the saw from the endless chain that brings them up from the water—blind steel things thrust up through the roughened floor. Listen to the thundering fortissimo of the dynamos, the trolleys feeding the band saws, the joyous screech of the saws as they cut their triumphant way through twenty-five feet of solid timber, and the grumbling bass accompaniment of the endless chain. The first impression is that of a purposeless pandemonium. But if you are fortunate enough to be piloted by one who knows, the marvellous ingenuity of the whole machinery, human and steel, gradually becomes unveiled.

First comes the rough timber from the mill pond, caught by the endless chain, dragged in lengthways, and dumped on the log deck where four or five logs are already waiting to be operated on.

Then from the log deck one log falls into the iron clutches of the carrier, a rail trolley worked by two engineers, which rushes ceaselessly back and forth alongside the bandsaw, like some evil genius feeding an ogre in a fairy-tale. A shrill scream follows as the saw bites through the rough wood like butter, and then in place of the rough log is a smooth plane. Back snaps the carrier; the saw shrieks again, and a plank falls away; once more, and another plank is shorn from the side of the forest giant; and so continues the process until the whole log, perhaps twenty-five feet long by twenty inches in diameter, is sawn up into rough planks of whatever thickness is required by the quality of the wood.

Now another series of endless chains snatch these planks and carry them to the "edger," a machine for cutting the lumber to the correct width, and thence to the "trimmer" which equalizes the length. Edgings and trimmings are carried to another part of the mill, where they are made into laths four feet long, and there is little left when the lath-makers are through. Such as there is, the mill sells locally for firewood. The sawdust is utilized for keeping alight the big furnaces that supply the steam power to the machinery. There is no waste here.

Then the planks, now of uniform length, width and thickness, are passed out to the sorting shed, and piled for seasoning according to their quality and description. When in condition the rough planks are run into the planing mill, thence to emerge in the shape of finished products—sidings, floorings, mouldings, shiplap, etc., and then they go to the flat-cars that carry out of Prince Albert two trainloads of lumber a day for the hungry young cities that spring up on the prairies like mushrooms after rain.

Listen with all your might as the superintendent of the mill shouts facts and figures about feet and prices into your ear above the screaming crescendo of the saw; get a peep into the roaring Gehenna of the furnaces; walk through the long fragrant aisles of piled up spruce in the sorting sheds; watch the blue-clad men loading long strings of flat-cars—150,000,000 feet are turned out annually, you remember, and two

THH PILED SPRUCE IN THE YARDS, AWAITING SHIPMENT TO THE NEW CITIES OF THE PRAIRIE WEST

train-loads go out every day—and you will see pictures that one need not be an artist to appreciate. Here is not only the picturesqueness of color—blue overalls and creamy-yellow-pink planks; dark pines and silver river; dim-vistaed interiors flashing with the steely ribbon of a saw, the orange glow of a forge, the slanting spokes of sunshine in the dusty air—but the romance of trade, the romance of man pitted against nature and beating her, romance of derring-do just as real as when Sir Walter's knights whaled the everlasting tar out of each other. And when you look further and see how many little hopes of new homes these four-inch and eight-inch spruce planks mean all over the prairie west, you realize that the romance of the lumber business is the romance of the making of a new empire.

But the day when the voice of the saw was the only voice of Prince Albert is past. The vast farming territory tributary to the city has been settled, and thriving farms have taken the place of the bushlands. Prince Albert as a shipping point for such farm produce as the city itself does not consume is growing in importance. This tributary district is as rich as any in Western Canada. Wheat grown on the farm of F. D. Cherry, six miles south of the city, carried off the Canadian championship at Brandon in 1910, and the American championship at Columbus, Ohio, in 1911. Marquis wheat grown by Seager Wheeler near Rosthern won, as everybody knows, the world's prize at the New York Land Show in 1911. Which is pretty good evidence that the soil of the North Saskatchewan Valley is unexcelled for grain growing. The abundance of shelter and good water makes it well fitted, too, for dairying and stock-raising. Added to the natural advantages of the soil is the excellent opportunity for newcomers to obtain their share of this rich land at practically no outlay. There is a vast area in the Prince Albert district open to homesteaders and the complying with the government regulations in regard to the taking up of free grants places the farmer in a position to supply himself with a holding that ultimately means a fortune for him.

A great deal of the land in northern

AN ENDLESS CHAIN CARRIES THE LOGS UP THE INCLINE FROM THE RIVER TO THE MILL, WHERE THEY PASS FROM THE LOG DECK TO THE BIG SAWS AND ARE CUT INTO VARIOUS KINDS OF LUMBER

Saskatchewan is covered with bluffs of light scrub. When this is removed, there remains a black loam on a clay subsoil which will produce the finest crops. To the east of the city lies the famous Colleston district where the earlier settlers located and where to-day the handsome homes and farm buildings testify to the results that they have secured in mixed farming and grain growing. There is no reason why their success cannot be repeated in any of the other districts of the North Saskatchewan Valley, and the multitude of thriving new farms that may be seen in a day's drive in almost any direction from the city are excellent proof of the district's popularity with new settlers.

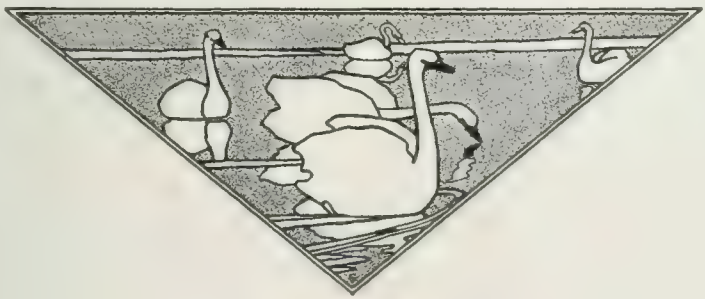
Again, the lumbering interests help here to build up the country. The settler is sure of employment during the winter if he can swing an axe or a peavey—or if he is willing to learn. Nine-tenths of the men who get out the logs all winter in the limits forty, fifty or a hundred miles the other side of the North Saskatchewan are farmers the other seven or eight months of the year. No longer does the coming of the "jacks" to town mean a season of revelry and riot when decent householders stay indoors. The men from the camps stay in the city only as long as it takes them to get a train for their quarter-section, or maybe buy a piece or two of farm machinery. The average lumber jack no longer lives by wood alone. At freeze-up he comes in to Prince Albert from the farm, and there hires out to a lumber camp. Last winter some ten thousand men must have been so hired there, and most of them were homesteaders. Some, of course, were professionals from the camps in old "Kebec," from Michigan or Minnesota, or the other lumbering states. For a few days they linger in town, and then they are gone to the deep woods, to reappear no more until the pussywillows hang out their catkins along the river's edge. Last winter wages ran from $25 to $45 a month with board, and four months steady work was a surety. Once, that roll would have lasted about a day and a half buying drinks for the crowd over the Prince Albert bars; now the quiet-eyed, taciturn men who come in from the camps reckon it in terms of a new binder or a couple of grade Jerseys and some government-inspected seed wheat.

This condition is one that will last for a long time to come, for although Prince Albert will grow bigger and more

varied in its interests, lumbering is going to remain a big asset to the city for a long while. A recent computation places the total amount of timber in the limits of the province of Saskatchewan at five billion feet, or roughly two thousand square miles of limits. The total cut in the province a year ago was about 175,000,000 feet, so that allowing for damage from fire and other sources, it will take fully twenty years to cut out the present limits. Each year, of course, the camps are moving further away from civilization. The nearest now is thirty-five miles from Prince Albert and is reached by team. Further to the northwest, where the Big River Lumber Company operate a five-hundred-mile-square limit, Mackenzie and Mann have pushed steel the ninety miles to the mill. As the present limits are cut out, the companies move further back, although at the same time it will be possible to cut over the limits which are being cut now. Indeed to-day some of the limits that were cut over some ten or fifteen years ago are being re-lumbered.

With the advent of these settlers, the city of Prince Albert has changed, and is changing. In the freight-yards you will see cattle and wheat cars made up along with the spicy flat-cars of spruce on the out-freight tracks; and on the in-freight ones binders and seeders in all the glory of red and blue paint await delivery to their owners. A trainload of colonists arrives while you idle on the station platform, men with the stamp of the farmer in their calloused hands and sun-wrinkled eyes. And you may not see a pair of spiked boots in a month's stay.

The men who know—the men who told you about the number of homestead entries and the La Colle Falls power project—can tell you, too, of packing plants and flour mills that are coming to the city, of quiet men who have bought tracts where business-like surveyors have laid out the ground for big commercial buildings, warehouses and the like. They will tell you of the line to Hudson Bay, which became a certainty this spring when a party of sixteen engineers and assistants began work on the Prince-Albert-Split-Lake extension, connecting the city with the government metals at the latter point. With this short line to the Bay, the shipment of farm products to the Old World will cost the farmer in the Prince Albert district less than it costs producers anywhere else in Western Canada. The same thing naturally applies to manufacturers, and with cheap transportation and cheap power, it is indubitably but a short time until Prince Albert will become a great and prosperous city.



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

In the parching autumn wind
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths
On low hills outspread.

THE months slip on apace. Here is August, richly flushed with the last touches of summer, whose rosy garment is shadowed here and there with the faint grays of autumn. The trees have lost their early fresh green, and the dusty branches hang wearily, now and then dropping a leaf. The may-buds are dead and gone, the seed-vessels rattle dryly, and many of the birds have left their green chambers. There is a silence among God's little choristers who but a few weeks ago were singing lustily in His forest-temples, and the first faint coloring of autumn will appear presently tinging wood and field with her rich tints. Down by the river the grass is green as in early June, and the sedge-fringed marsh has not altogether lost its freshness, but there is the touch of maturity everywhere, the touch of brooding sadness such as a lovely woman may know when she espies the finger of Time whitening a hair here and there at her temples, or notes with dismay the fine network of lines which the old Jester is faintly tracing around eyes which still are beautiful.

The days, too, are growing shorter. The sun sinks earlier to his rest, and the purple mists begin to shadow the hills. There are blotches of russet among the ferns in the shady nook of the little garden. The insects still shrill in the grass, and the merry chorus of the crickets and little unseen creatures that move in the dusk, fills the calm, lustrous nights with silver sounds

But for a space yet we have golden summer days and the deep red of summer roses, and all the land laughs under the smile of God.

"ON THE IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT"

WHO does not do things on what they call "the impulse of the moment?" It is like marrying in a hurry and taking it out on the stool of repentance for long years after. People should can impulse and only use it like canned salmon—when they are out of everything else

Sad was the case of the man who on this matter of impulse asked two women friends whom he met in New

York the other day to have dinner with him. They were from Toronto and were lonely and were glad to accept. In fact they congratulated themselves on this very fortunate happening. The friendly man suggested Sherry's or the Waldorf—that beautiful establishment which seems to have been erected solely as a sort of show ring where women with jewels and men without money may parade and peacock. The ladies demurred, as they were not in that part of the town (in which he was well-known) and with the woman's usual excuse of not being suitably dressed, suggested a less notable place.

Finally they elected to go to a little restaurant across the street on which they were walking.

Now he didn't know a thing about the restaurant but thought he would chance it, since the ladies were agreeable. So in they went. The place was what might be called "classically elegant" and there was nothing so vulgar as prices on the menu. The host was provided with a fair little wad of the necessary long green—much more, for a fact, than he had any intention of spending on his "country" friends. So they had cocktails—'twas in little old N'York, you know, far, far from the safe home pastures—and ordered soup and fish and a broiled chicken and Jerusalem artichokes. Then a salad and a little something to drink followed by an ice and cheese with a demi-tasse au fine champagne. Just before the coffee was put on the table the waiter handed the host his check.

"Holy Smoke!"

He said it under his breath, and went straight up in the air. That chicken—it was no slow and tired fowl from Philadelphia—that chicken alone cost five dollars, and the demi-tasse—suitably furnished—counted up an extra quarter apiece. He knew to a copper exactly what he was worth as he stood in his clothes and by a little process of subtraction he discovered that when he came to foot the bill he would be just twenty cents "in the hole" with nothing for the waiter. What was he to do? He couldn't ask for credit and he couldn't let his friends see that he was embarrassed for money with which to pay for a simple little $14.50 meal.

But into the midst of his despair came a bright idea. He called the waiter and said reproachfully, "Here, you brought three cups of coffee. I ordered only two. Take this one away—I never drink coffee. The waiter thought he was unnecessarily noisy about it but he couldn't guess how great had been the man's mental anguish—how sweet the relief!

What the waiter thought when at the last moment, after the ladies had gone on ahead, five cents rolled in paper was slipped in his hand was determined by his smiles as he bowed the party out. What he said when he unrolled the coin from the fold of yellow journal (which he had mistaken for a bill) would not be fit for publication. There are times when foreign language covers indiscretion.

. . . . . .

"THE SUCCESS"

SUCH is the ironic name of a ship whose destiny it was to shelter the world's failures for many a long year. The "Success" is the last of the convict hulks and is to-day a museum of gruesome effigies—a veritable floating "chamber of horrors." Briefly, she is well over a hundred years of age, is as sound as the day she was launched and is sailing or has sailed for these shores. Her high wooden sides have rung with the sound of music and the song of love as with the awful screams of tortured men, and the oaths of unruly convicts. Her decks have streamed with blood. No story that ever was written could equal that of this old vessel, who, equipped with the wireless, is still sailing oceans and daring the dangers of sea travel. Her teak mainmast is one solid tree and yet shows the dents of Bonaparte's cannon when she fought the French in the year of Waterloo in the Bay of Bengal. In the black pens below decks, such bushrangers as Morgan, Melville and "the Kelly gang" spent many a year. It was a gang from the "Success" that murdered Price, the Inspector, a man known for

his inhumanity. It was here that famous "Gipsy" Smith, transported to Melbourne, swabbed out the enormous cell called "The Tigers' Den" where the fiercest convicts were kept chained hand and foot—the only convict who had the courage to enter that cage; and it was here that unfortunate Power, the bushranger, spent so many awful years and was liberated only to commit suicide. Power was liberated at the instance of Lady Clarke—an influential Australian lady—because of the fact that while he was a highwayman, he was always courteous to women. We have each of us heard the oft-told tale of the polite robber who, after stealing a pretty girl's jewels, handed them back to her because he was smitten by her charms. Power was the man. He was an extraordinary character. His boast was that he had never shed blood. One time when a sturdy Scot whom he had held up refused to hand over his money at the point of a rifle, Power said to him.

"I'll give you just five minutes to think over the matter, and, if after that time you still refuse, I shall have to shoot you." And this thief and robber then went behind a tree and actually knelt down and fervently prayed God *to soften the heart of the obdurate Scot*, so that the shedding of blood might be avoided. And his prayer was heard! The Scotchman handed over the "prog" without a word, and with a bow "me brave Power" cantered away.

When Power was pardoned and the old ship "Success" was transformed from a prison hulk into a show ship, the convict begged the authorities to permit him to dwell amid the old haunts—the most horrible "haunts" conceivable—and he was given a cabin—I was in it myself—under the poop. Here he lived for awhile and told his amazing story. Such a story! How he "bailed-up" the Mail coach full of passengers and returned a girl's trinkets to her, how he then embarked on a life of horse-stealing and thieving, how he "put in" fourteen years on the hulk "Success," how he once escaped from prison under a cart of rubbish and got to a farmer's house where the good-wife was churning. After frightening her nearly to death by his imperative demands for food and clothes she gave him a suit in exchange for his arrow-marked garments, and he immediately fixed up the blade of an old pair of shears into a cleft stick and that same night held up a terrified old gentleman and took his gun and money. And at last a comrade he had relied on betrayed him. The police caught him after as desperate a struggle as the Paris officers lately had with Bonnot, the Apache.

Power's health was ruined by his awful years on the Success. He looked a wreck—old, scarred, terrible—as the gray hulk herself. He was a man of parts and not without a grim sense of humour. Nothing pleased him more than to show the haughty, though newly-made aristocracy of Melbourne what he termed "the effigies of their ancestors," when they came aboard the Success to see that museum of horrors. That these persons resented such a suspicion was shown by the attempt, twice made, to sink the hulk. Once they did sink her and she remained below water for nearly six months. Then she was raised and came up covered with barnacles and streaming sea-weed, grayer and grimmer than ever. The effigies were re-instated, and she set out under her own sail for England where she made safe port. Many a sea-captain who saw the gray old tortoise laboring over the sea and snorting through the waves, gave her a wide berth, and many a sailor "crossed his luck" at sight of what he took to be the Flying Dutchman, the terror of the seas.

TAKING CARE OF THE WOMEN

IN his special report, Mr. Arthur Hawkes strikes as his key-note co-operation. Referring to the women and children side of immigration, he makes eloquent appeal for better service for the mother who too often "bears an appalling risk of loss to the Province and Dominion" which she ought not to suffer. He asks that "when human life is about to yield its increase" it should be more sacredly regarded, more tenderly cared for.

THE PLACE WAS QUIET AND WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED "CLASSICALLY ELEGANT", BUT WHEN THE WAITER HANDED THE HOST HIS CHECK, HE SAID "HOLY SMOKE!" UNDER HIS BREATH

"This" he remarks, "is preeminently a field for the activity of women's organizations, and has been touched by some of them."

Should not the Government take more cognizance of this aspect of immigration and make provision for the women of the pioneer settlements in the hour of their greatest need? This is a side of immigration that "has never been properly regarded." It is one that it would well repay the Government to consider and provide for. After all, we may joke as we will about votes for women, suffragettes—militant or peaceful—but it is the woman who largely determines the family affair in great as well as small matters. Make immigration attractive to the woman and you get the whole family.

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GRIEF

A ROUGH-LOOKING, poor working man got on the car outside the cemetery the other day. He had no sign of mourning about him except a peculiar look of loss on his rugged face. Some would have thought he looked sullen, but one never can tell. To me his expression was one of amaze, of puzzled consternation, as one asking "But, why?"

POWER WAS THE ORIGINAL OF THE POLITE ROBBER WHO AFTER STEALING A LADY'S JEWELS HANDED THEM BACK TO HER BECAUSE HE WAS SMITTEN WITH HER CHARMS

He sat in a corner and stared out of the window but you sensed that he saw nothing. One hand was in the pocket of his working jacket and now and again when the car stopped to let people off and on, he would pull out something and look at it furtively, hurrying it back into his pocket again if he noticed anyone watching him. It was getting past suppertime and the car was fast emptying. We moved a little closer to the man who was sitting so quietly in the corner. Suddenly he drew his hand from his pocket, turning out the ragged lining as he did so. In his hand there was a child's mitt, a shabby purple woollen mitt with holes in it.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE AGE

THE views aired by divers men and women on the subject of divorce offer some good reading which is not without a touch of the amusing. Hall Caine emphatically declares divorce to be an evil. But he adds the rider "a necessary evil." We have made it necessary, he contends by a general condition of corruptness in our methods of education, wrong theories in law and criminal inertia. On the whole, Hall Caine merely "mouths words." Mr. Taft looks at it from a business standpoint and washes his hands. "You got married. The two of you got together under a contract. We didn't make you marry. Keep to your contract, then, and there's an end of it."

Bishop Doane, very naturally, objects to the re-marriage of divorced persons. He would punish the innocent with the guilty. The Lord's command is sufficient unto the good Bishop. Winston Churchill (author, not politician) would have church and state attend to their own business and leave individuals to settle their individual affairs. Hands off, he declares, and let conscience decide the "for better, for worse" of it

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, the rich man who portrayed rather vividly the passing of his idle confreres, deplores divorce, yet allows that extreme cases call for it. He dilettantes through the problem with his usual idle charm. He thinks that mistaken couples should—where the divorce is justifiable—be received by Society. But one notes that Mr. Martin fails to draw the distinction between justifiable and unjustifiable. He does not tell us what he thinks to be "adequate cause." He does not care to be shocked. Society dislikes shock. So do the Idle Rich—poor things! So, after his little shower of platitudes, the gentle Frederick pursues his leisured way

William de Morgan who is so like—and so unlike!—the author of "The

Christian" is in favor of any statutory change which will make divorce more easily attainable. You would not think it of the maker of "Joseph Vance," would you ?

Thomas Hardy, the creator of poor "Tess," regards marriage as a union whose terms should be regulated for the mutual happiness of the community and the offending couple. The English marriage laws are barbarous, he says. He makes a note, however, to the effect that in case of a divorce the maintenance of the children should be borne by the breadwinner. In these days of labor equality where husband and wife are both breadwinners, would Mr. Hardy rule that each should provide a certain sum to be set aside for the children ?

A bachelor, or rather "celibate," as he terms himself, is pressed into service in the person of Dr. Saleeby , known as the foremost eugenist of England. He gives it as his opinion that the right to marry again should be given to divorced persons, but he questions the propriety of expression on this subject by celibates or clericals.

"Divorce is the safety-valve of Society !" proclaims Max Nordau, the modern Schopenhauer. He pooh-poohs the idea of marriage being of sacramental character, but then, as everyone knows, Nordau is not much of a "religionist."

Two women only were asked to give their opinions, Lady Laura Troubridge, and Lady Helen Emily Forbes. The former thinks that divorce should be permitted on the grounds of anything savouring of abnormality, as madness, drunkenness, cruelty or crime. This she would term a necessary "reform" rather than divorce. Her idea is that if people were shown that such vices would sanction separation of married couples there would be a marked decrease of crime ! I find this reasoning rather amazing.

Lady Helen Forbes does not believe legislation of any sort ever made anyone happy. She rather favors sticking to one's bargain—for good or ill. A simple way out of a difficulty, but hardly a satisfying one.

I have reserved the dictum of Theodore Dreiser, the author of that wonderful book—Jennie Gerhardt—for last of all. One listens to such a man with more attention. "Marriage," he says, "runs deeper than man-made laws." Love comes and goes, and no law that ever yet was made can restore to life a love that is dead. Personally I believe that nothing can be more dead than Love when it dies. A miracle has restored man to life—but there is no miracle in Heaven or on earth that can restore a love that has gone. It is dead for all time—"for ever and aye," as the song says. Fear binds some, thinks Mr. Dreiser; sympathy and sorrow others, and duty and convention not a few—but alas, for poor Love. Strong as Death, he is yet as frail as a butterfly. Men and women will unite and separate, thinks our author, as

IN HIS HAND WAS A CHILD'S MITT. A SHABBY PURPLE MITT WITH HOLES IN IT

long as life is—Life, which he calls "a grand clatter of illusion, sound and fury, signifying nothing."

And here we have it. Love is above and beyond all human law. It makes its own laws and breaks them, and what difference though all the celebrities in the universe were gathered in grand symposium and megaphoned their views on divorce and matrimony to a listless world since it is love that rules life, and life is but one grand clatter of illusion, sound and fury signifying nothing!

CONNER'S WOIFE

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

WHIN Conner brought Moira wid him from Dunmore
His mother was waiting to show thim the door;
For she had a young colleen fair picked out for him
With a fine bit av gold and a clean bit av limb;
But Conner wint roving as young gossoons will
And found one that suited him far bhetter still;
But the mother was thorny as iny ould rose,
And looked the girl over and turned up her nose;
But Moira undaunted said, "Connor, don't sphake,
"And Oi'll trate her as kind as Oi can fer yer sake."

Thin Moira set out with her swate pretty ways,
To win the ould woman as nice as ye plaze;
She cooked all the praties and minded her shawl
And bundled her up whin the winds blew at all;
And Connor the sphaleen would stand by and wink
Whin the girl would be bringing her gruel to drink;
"Oh ho," smiled his lordship, his head in a whirl,
"There's no understanding the heart av a girl."

Faith, things wint as aisy as pigs in a poke,
Whin the ice in the heart av the ould woman broke;
And 'twas, "Moira, avic, did ye feed me ould cat?"
And, "Deelish aroon, will ye fetch muther that?"
And, "Sunday come, darling, we'll walk to the sea,
"For 'tis mindful Oi am soon a muther ye'll be."
And the girl wint on smiling and singing a tune
Like the birds in the rushes the first day av June.
Now Conner can go to the devil betide
Fer the woife av his heart is his ould muther's pride.

MOOSE JAW THE EXPONENT

PRETTY well all over the west hamlets of one year become jobbing towns, and nothing said about it, the development being simply in line with a prevailing rule. It is only when you stop and take a look around that the really surprising rate of growth in some one town declares itself, and points the prosperity of the whole. Here comes the modest and never-boomed city of Moose Jaw, with an unemotional report from its board of trade that is strong enough to arrest attention anywhere. The population is just about twenty times greater than it was eleven years ago. Building permits issued last May were more than equal to the total number issued in the year 1910. The assessed valuation this year is almost double that of last year, and four times that of two years ago. The customs receipts in the five months including January and May more than doubled those of the corresponding months last year. But the figures most significant of what is really at work in Moose Jaw come from the clearing house association. The clearing house was a year old last February. The four months following showed clearings $6,799,726 in excess of the same four months in 1911. For a city of 25,000 souls, that increase looks like a record.

These are facts of exceeding great solidity, important not only as affecting that particular place, but as reflecting the rise of all the prairie provinces. They bring home a realization of the vast and vigorous growth that is going on all around us so steadily, and so much as an accepted matter of course that it is almost unnoticed. A new nation is burgeoning into place and power by sheer force of its own innate vitality, without noise, but wonderfully, as great plants do in nature. Recorded history shows nothing like it.

FROM THE WEATHER-MAN

IT IS the official opinion of Professor Willis Moore of the United States weather bureau that increased human efficiency, due to climatic conditions, will eventually make Canada "the centre-point of the British Empire." This declaration has attracted more than a little attention in England, though here at home, without vanity but with well developed conviction, we have for some time past held the same ultimate idea.

Professor Moore argues that the climate of this upper temperate zone is producing a race which in mental and physical vigor will go beyond any past nation of the northern Aryan race; that the northwest winds, blowing from an altitude and latitude of vast electrical potentiality, release more ozone in the proper condition for breathing than is found in any other part of the world. Most of our winds originate over land areas and carry oxygen which is readily transmuted into ozone by electricity, whereas the prevailing w nds of Europe are of marine origin and lack means for

releasing that virile element. For this reason our people can no more control their nervous energy than they can any other involuntary physical process.

Professor Moore states this in terms of meteorology: "The higher the wind velocity the greater the downward component of motion whereby six molecules of oxygen of two atoms each are changed into three molecules of ozone of three atoms each, in which form they enter the lungs and drive the physical and mental engines at the maximum rate."

By this theory he explains the case with which so many foreigners are brought level with and assimilated by the body of the population in the upper half of North America, and from that point he proceeds to a prediction that a new and pronounced type will be evolved in a time relatively short, as compared with other racial evolutionary movements. A little consideration will give approval to his premises. For his deduction or prophecy we should all entertain a hope, if not a lively expectation, because its realization would bring incalculable benefit to all the races of men that dwell upon the face of the earth. Here is a new thing to think of every time you take into your system the sweet breath of the prairies.

REGINA UNCONQUERED

WITH the roar of the cyclone still in her ears, Regina set about rebuilding and obliterating all trace of the disaster that swept her streets. "In six weeks," said the Regina folks, "you won't know there has ever been a cyclone here." And they are swiftly making good their prophecy.

Julian Mason, in one of the big American newspapers, put it discerningly:

"If cyclones must fall upon the cities of men, it is perhaps best from an efficiency standpoint that they choose those in a young and vigorous country like Western Canada. The powers of recuperation there are so enormous.

"Of material disaster, the Westerner is unafraid. The loss of life is the thing that hurts, and that only

"Regina is one of these shining new cities that have been forced up out of the great northwestern prairies to keep step with the needs of a new hinterland of farms. In cyclopaedias and geographies it stands staidly for what this continent is pleased to call its historic past. It was an important post for the Hudson's Bay Company when trappers went into the fur country to the north as early as 1766. It was the capital of the old Northwest Territory. It was, and is, the western headquarters of the famous mounted police. Its old government house still stands: and at the mounted police barracks, they will show you the window out of which Louis Riel stepped to his hanging.

"This is the past, however, and Western Canada has not time for anything but the present. Regina to-day is the capital of the Province of Saskatchewan, a vast state more than four times as large as Illinois. In 1901, before the wheat country developed, it was slumbering along with a population of 2,000. Now it has 30,000. From England, from northern Europe and from the United States, settlers have poured into its rich prairies. It could never have had a $4,000,000 disaster a few years ago. In 1904 its total of ratable assessments was but $2,284,710; in 1911 the figures were almost $35,000,000. Last year it spent on new buildings alone more than enough money to cover the whole cyclone loss.

"Despite all those signs of recuperative power, the Regina disaster will leave sorrow and suffering in its wake. But there is one thing that Regina would probably like us to do more than all others, and that is to keep clearly in mind the undoubted fact that cyclones are not an everyday feature of life in the new country of the northwest. According to the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Regina cyclone is the first of its kind ever recorded in the province. It will not be fair to hamper the growth of Saskatchewan by spreading the legend that cyclone pits are necessary parts of its farm equipment."

Regina is unconquered, and will rise from her ruins bigger and better than before.

REAL MODESTY

"AN actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackett at a luncheon recently. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that read:

"'Engagement. Wanted—Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts, preferred.'"

SPEED NO AID

"OF course," says the visitor to the employer of a large force, "you must find from time to time instances of crookedness among your many employees."

"That is, unfortunately, to be expected," answers the employer of the large force."

"And do you keep sort of an espionage upon them?"

"We have to."

"Naturally, you catch them once in a while. No matter how fast a man may be, sooner or later—"

"O, the faster a man is the sooner he is caught."

JUST FOR SPITE

"SHE seems to be a woman of exceptionally unpleasant disposition," observes the newcomer, referring to an absent one.

"Unpleasant disposition?" echoes the native. "Why, did you never hear of what she did to cause heartburnings among her acquaintances? She announced a big dinner and ball for a certain evening, and then never invited a soul to it."

KNEW HER LIMITATIONS

"WOULDN'T you like to drive for a little while, Mollie?"

"Mercy, no! Why, I can't drive a horse any better than I can drive a tack."

JUST SO

AT this sad world we wonder;
Seeing not in all our blindness
How so much of raising thunder
Sours the milk of human kindness.

FASHION NOTES

WHEN the Lamb's Club press agent got busy near the date of the public gambol Maclyn Arbuckle helped him out with the following:

Clothes will be popular this season. Trousers will be worn by all the best dressed men, and the best dressed women will affect skirts. Shoes and stockings will also be worn in the cities. Hats will be popular for out-of-door wear.

According to the latest advices from Paris, trousers will have two legs. At smart functions shirts and coats will be worn.

Low and behold gowns will be in vogue—alphabet gowns as they are called—C in front and V in back. At Newport and other fashionable places it will be necessary to look under the dinner tables to see what women are

wearing. Sneezing will be considered dangerous by those who wear evening gowns.

Right here I want to give a few words of advice as to how to obtain a figure like mine. I weigh 297 pounds. I take a walk every morning from my bedroom to the dining-room. For breakfast I eat half a dozen eggs, two sirloin steaks, a large dish of boiled potatoes and four cups of coffee. For luncheon I double this menu and add several glasses of milk and cream, half and half. In addition I eat several pieces of French pastry. Anyone following my system of diet will have a figure like mine within three months. Never yield to anything but temptation —that is the secret of my system.

WHEN I MET JIM

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

WELL, sir, I met Jim Breen to-day—
His hair is getting thin and gray,
His eyelids have begun to droop,
His shoulders have a little stoop;
I hardly would have known him. No.
But we were boys this long ago.

Let's see. It's twenty years and more
Since we romped at the schoolhouse door.
Why, then Jim Breen was young and plump
And he could run and fight and jump
And stand all kinds of heat or cold—
But, say, Jim Breen is getting old!

Why, look! When I walked up to him
And grabbed his hand with, "Hello, Jim!"
He looked at me a long, long while
And smiled a half embarrassed smile
And, said, as puzzled as could be:
"Well, you have got the best of me."

Now, who'd have thought the years since then—
Since long before we grew to men—
Would have made such a striking change!
Now, honestly, Jim Breen looked strange.
He has deep wrinkles in his cheeks
And his voice shakes-like when he speaks!
His memory is bad, I know.
I had to talk an hour or so
Reminding him of what a noise
We'd make at school when we were boys,
And where I lived, and folks we knew—
And still he said: "I don't place you."

Poor Jim! He's getting old, that's all.
He used to be so strong and tall,
Without a crowfoot 'round his eyes
Or gray hairs to give him disguise.
It almost moves a man to tears
To see how friends change with the years.

And queerest of it all is, Jim
Said I looked just as strange to him,
Said I was getting rather gray
And walked in a stoop-shouldered way.
It's odd how age makes Jim Breen see
All other folks the same as he!

HIGHER YET

"YES," said the man with the alligator suit case, "I was at the Uptothelimit hotel in the mountains last week, and while there joined a party which attempted to climb the highest peak of the range. We got to an altitude of 14,000 feet, which is about as high as anyone has gone in those parts."

"O, I don't know," comments the man with the imitation leather valise.

"You don't know?" asks the first man. "Do you know of anyone who has gone higher than that?"

"Yes. I stopped at the Uptothelimit house four weeks once. You ought to have seen my bill."

HER IMPRESSION

THE pretty summer boarder watched with great interest the working of the hay baling machine which had been hauling to the farm and was being operated in the lower thirty.

As the big bundles of compressed hay were tumbled to the ground she studied them attentively, then asked:

"What do you do with that?"

"Feed it to the stock, o' course," explained the son of the landlady.

"O, to be sure. I suppose this is a machine to make breakfast food for the horses and cows."